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THE ART-JOURNAL.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

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3. PERGAMOS. Engraved by J. Cousen, from the Picture by T. Allom, Esq., in the possession of George Virtue, Esq.

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THE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION . . . . . 313—324

Modern Sculpture of all Nations. By J. Beavington Atkinson.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.

LONDON, OCTOBER 1, 1863.

SCIENCE AND ART.

BY PROFESSOR ANSTED, M.A., F.R.S., &c.

IV.—CLOUDS, AIR, AND ATMOSPHERIC METEORS, IN THEIR RELATION TO THE PICTURESQUE.

IN the delineation of natural objects, so large a proportion of artistic effect is connected with the atmospheric medium through which everything is seen, so much depends on the composition, temperature, electrical state, and local modifications of this medium, there is so utter an impossibility not only of producing any effect, but of judging of any effect produced, without recognising these modifications, that one would think the study of the atmosphere, almost as an elementary science, should be pursued carefully and conscientiously by all artists and Art-critics. Drawing and colour, without reference to air, may succeed in producing an effect adapted for a Chinese exhibition, and might be adapted to the oriental taste of the Greek Church, but they would certainly not be admitted as producing a picture in the ordinary sense of the word, however marvellously they might be executed and combined. Every picture must be painted with an acute sense of the phenomena of air, if not with an accurate knowledge of the philosophy of the subject; and although it is very possible to paint and even do full justice to a landscape without the study, theoretically, of all that is known of these matters, yet this is only by an instinctive sense of what is right, capable of cultivation and education, rarely existing in any large degree, and always the better for being understood.

Nor is it only the artist who should be acquainted with this very important department of physical science bearing on Art. It is even more impossible for the critic to understand and criticise than for the painter to delineate a view correctly, if he does not know the principles on which Art must be based. He may feel what is present without knowing the cause, much as the artist who trusts to intuition must feel while he is painting; or he may feel the absence of some matter essential to perfect success, as the artist may paint in ignorance of that something being necessary; but if the critic does not know, he certainly cannot explain the cause, since for criticism, words and knowledge are necessary as well as feeling. Thus it is perhaps almost more important that the general public should be taught to know and understand the theory of Art, than that the artist should be able to explain to himself the reason of what he sees, as well as paint what and in what manner his genius inspires.

A few words, then, concerning the atmosphere and its phenomena in reference to Art may well accompany the remarks I have already offered on the delineation of the earth and water. If the earth were not invested with its atmospheric veil, and if that veil were not—as it is—composed of aqueous vapour as well as mixed gases, there could certainly be no such life as we enjoy, and no process of life could go on as it does. In this world everything hangs together, and each part of the arrangement is necessary for every other part.

The three conditions of matter are in perfect harmony with each other. The solid earth is heavier than the fluid water, and the air is lighter than either. But although the water rests on, and partially covers the earth, and the air floats over both, there is a wonderful mutual admixture and dependence. Air and water are abundantly present in the solid materials of the earth, while water, and even solid matter, is distributed through, and forms part of the air.

It is this constant presence of foreign matters in the air in very variable proportions that constitutes one difference between the state of the air at different times and places, and is also concerned in the production of all the essential phenomena. The changing temperature produces the other essential difference. More or less moisture in a state appreciable to the eye, a different height of the vapour visible as clouds, these are the immediate causes of the most marked changes in the appearance of a landscape. They are themselves, however, results of other more distant and less seen causes, some of which we now proceed to consider and explain.

The principal facts we have to consider are those concerning the mutual relations of aqueous vapour and dry air, for almost all the more important phenomena of cloud and the clearness or mistiness of the air depend on these, and it is such matters that affect the landscape. The ordinary atmospheric effects are, without exception, dependent on modifications of them, and many less common and familiar appearances are more or less referable to the same cause.

Air consists of a mixture of two principal gases, and very small quantities of some other gases. The component gases are a *mixture* in the strict sense of the word, just as water and wine form a mixture; and as wine and water mixed are capable of dissolving sugar or salt, and absorbing various solids, so the two gases that together form air are capable of sucking up various foreign substances, of which water is one. Thus water is present in what may properly be called dry air, just as it is to be found in almost every solid that is not actually an elementary substance.

But being everywhere and at all times present in the atmosphere, though only occasionally rendered visible as cloud and mist by changes of temperature and electrical condition, it is certain that the rays of light which pass through the atmosphere are greatly and very differently affected by every change that takes place, visible or invisible. Practically this is recognised when we speak of the bright and deep blue of the skies of Italy and Greece, the sharpness with which objects are cut out against such a sky, and the apparent nearness of distant objects under certain circumstances. Those who will take the trouble to reflect, will also remember occasions in our own country when objects in a landscape loom with strangely increased proportions, when a man or a sheep on a hill at no great distance seems like some gigantic representative of its kind. The presence or absence of moisture from the air to which these and many other effects are due, is not only the result of latitude, vicinity to a sheet of water, or other peculiarity of geographical position: it is produced by many causes, requiring a minute knowledge of physical geography to explain and understand. The department of physical geography that is concerned in this knowledge, is called METEOROLOGY.

The ordinary light obtained on the earth is derived, of course, ultimately from the sun; but it should be borne in mind that were there no atmosphere, or even if there were an atmosphere without aqueous vapour, everything not exposed directly to the full blaze of the sun's rays, or to direct reflection from some reflecting surface, would be in perfectly black shadow. It is not easy to conceive this difference—so utterly removed from our experience—or to understand that smooth soft light, and all those half lights and half shadows which are concerned in the production of everything we call an atmospheric effect, are due simply and solely to the breaking up of the sun's light, partly by reflection from innumerable atoms present in the atmosphere, partly by the vapour ever present there, and partly also to the refraction or bending of every light ray, direct or reflected, as it enters a medium denser or less dense than that through which it had hitherto passed. Since, then, the atmosphere is both more dense and more loaded with vapours nearer the earth than high up in the air, each ray of light that reaches us from the sun is bent round gradually more and more till it touches some object from which it is thrown back. The reflected ray is bent also as it passes through a changing medium, and thus instead of light proceeding in straight lines from the sun to the earth, and being thrown back into space in another straight line, every beam is distributed and dispersed and made available partly by reflection, partly by refraction, entering every nook and cranny, lighting up with a dim light even the darkest caverns and the gloomiest recesses in the mountains, where direct sunlight can never enter, and enabling man and various animals to live and perform all their functions in spots that would, under other conditions, be lost spaces in nature.

But there is yet another result not less important. Each ray or pencil of light as it comes from the sun is, in fact, a bundle of rays of very different nature and appearance, and very differently affected by entering an atmosphere containing aqueous vapour. Of these rays only a certain proportion are light rays: some produce heat and some produce certain chemical effects of extreme importance to the photographer, and probably equally important to the agriculturist, as assisting to ripen fruits, but with which here we have nothing to do. Of the light rays, some are blue, some red, some yellow; and these, being intimately mixed, give together to the eye the impression of white. Every object in nature absorbs some, and reflects some, of these rays. Most objects absorb more of one than another, reflecting the balance, and thus are produced all the colours of natural objects. A leaf, for example, absorbs much more of the red rays than of the blue or yellow, and is therefore green. In spring the young leaves absorb with the red much blue, in summer some yellow; in autumn when dying they absorb both red and blue once more, and appear yellow, thus passing into second childhood. The results are the bright fresh green of spring, the warm metallic green of summer, and the "sere and yellow leaf" of autumn. But in each case there is a large quantity of white light reflected, besides a considerable absorption of

white light; in other words, the colours of natural objects are the result of their action upon light, which is always partial and mixed. A surface of quicksilver, indeed, reflects a very large proportion of the rays, and absorbs very few of any kind in excess, but quicksilver, as well as every object, has its colour; in other words, it acts unequally on the different members of each ray of light.

And it is just so with the atmosphere and aqueous vapour. Pure dry air no doubt absorbs a slight excess of red and yellow rays, leaving a blue residual colour, which, in the loftiest mountains and where air is driest, becomes an intense purple. Seen from nearer the earth, the light is mixed with more and more of the rays that have passed through, or have been reflected from, aqueous vapour. But the effect of reflection from almost any surface is to break up the light into its component colours; and thus a ray entering a drop of water and afterwards reflected back, is coloured. This is a mechanical effect, for each part of the ray is differently affected as it enters, is reflected, and finally emerges from, the drop. The red rays, for example, are the least bent, the blue rays most bent. When, therefore, the rays escape from the drop, they are no longer rays of light, but rays of colour; and in that capacity they act for ever after. The same is the case, partially, by simple transmission through different media. Thus, when the sun sets behind a thin transparent vapour existing in considerable mass between the great luminary and the eye, an excess of red rays reaches the eye; above the red bank is a glorious belt of orange, and this gradually melts into the blue sky over our heads. Of the flood of light proceeding from the sun, more light is absorbed in proportion as the position of the sun is lower, and the air more loaded with vapour. We can thus look at the sun without pain at evening and morning, when its position is nearly horizontal as regards the eye, as its rays have then to traverse much more air than towards noon. At the same time, the air being cooler, the vapour becomes visible.

It is quite impossible for any one to understand the cause of colour in a landscape without a careful consideration of these facts and the conclusions they point to; and the natural colours of natural objects are capable of so much modification by natural causes, that it is not safe to assume beforehand what will be the effect on a given occasion. Hence it is that so much puzzling confusion is felt as to what are the real colours of cloud, sky, and sea. Effects may be seen and imitated by the artist which are to him perfectly natural, but which people living in another country, or in a town, would exclaim against as absurd. The seas of Hook are not quite appreciated by any one who has not spent a long time in Cornwall, or some coast equally exposed and where the atmosphere is equally removed from land influences. Naftel's Guernsey coast scenes and sunsets are only real to those who have visited the Channel Islands. Turner's wonderful landscapes need hardly be mentioned; and many of the skies painted by several of our best artists who have spent some time in the East, can hardly be felt as natural by those whose experience does not extend a couple of hundred miles from the shores of the Atlantic. Is it, therefore, right to represent effects thus peculiar and local? Few now-a-days will be inclined to question this, which to the true artist is a necessity; and yet very few critics extend their charity so far as to justify an artist when he produces some unfamiliar effect. Those we are accustomed to, we admit; but a novelty we always suspect, and we are often but little desirous of listening to an explanation.

One thing is certain—all the atmospheric effects must harmonise to produce a real picture. It will not do for the artist to make his sketch in one kind of atmosphere, and work in his skies from another. There has at all times been far too much of this worst kind of conventionalism, this patching up of an old garment with a piece of new cloth—this colour blindness, which knows colours by name and not by vision. It is to point out how, and why, such failures are perpetrated, that I have put together the present remarks.

In every landscape the harmony that belongs to all nature is produced by perfect adaptation of the quantity and quality of the light and the tint of colour to the particular moment at which it is seen. With every change there are corresponding changes. It is not only by the direction and depth of the shadows that the sun's position, or the hour of the day, is marked. Quite as much is it denoted by tone, by the leaves and the flowers, by the freshness, brilliancy, or decline of vegetation, and by the season.

But the object at present is rather to illustrate the effect of air on near and distant objects, than the colours produced by the breaking-up of the rays of light in our atmosphere by refraction and reflection. It is not only dryness of the air that produces brilliancy; on the contrary, as is well known, east winds, which are generally dry, and in summer often warm, are almost always thick, and do not admit of clear vision. Dry west winds at other times are thick. And this is the case throughout Europe—in Greece as much as in England. There is an east wind haze which is well known to every one. On the other hand, in England west winds are so often connected with the presence of rain clouds and a moist state of the atmosphere, and exhibit with us effects of so marked a kind, that we fancy this belongs to them. Not unfrequently clear, and affording an atmosphere of peculiar brilliancy, they are apt sometimes to pass into haze; and they are connected with those glorious sunsets which distinguish our own climate, and generally mark the climates of north-western Europe. The sun setting in the north or north-west, his evening rays traverse a long distance of the lower strata of the atmosphere, loaded with moisture, and somewhat dulled at the decline of day. The moisture is made visible, and, at the same time, is tinted and fringed with the most exquisite and varied colours.

It is these lower parts of the air, thus rendered manifest at sunset, and shown in like manner at sunrise, that are recognised by those who have studied and described clouds as separate phenomena, under the name of *stratus-clouds*. They are seen occasionally at all elevations up to the very highest, and qualify the other clouds. But to see them in all their magnificence they must be studied at sunset, as I have just remarked. Often they are not formed and definite clouds in the usual sense of the word: they are mere bands of vapour made visible by their action on light; coloured they can hardly be called, but they are surrounded by and bathed in colour. They are the defined belts from which, and round which, the colour proceeds. Much as they affect a landscape, they are rarely described, because they are intangible. They do not necessarily or generally pass into other clouds, but they form a border country between mere aerial effects and true cloud-land.

A true cloud is a defined object in the air, and not a mere mist. The mist has its beauties, and seems to connect itself with the *stratus* on one side and the cloud on another. But how marvellously different are the passages. A *stratus*, or band of sunset cloud, is a dark mass concealing the sun; round it is the haze of evening—visible vapour, but vapour only visible because of its effect in breaking up the sun's rays and distributing the bright colours at pleasure, often in a most fantastic, always in a beautiful manner. And this haze, when the sun is gone down—this veil, visible only till then by its gorgeous red and gold—is now the evening mist, creeping up the valleys and hovering over the low ground. Grey, cold, and uncomfortable, who could identify it with the object we have been almost worshipping for its beauty, and for the celestial visions it seems to afford us? A few minutes ago heaven seemed opening, and we fancied we saw—nay, we did see, with that noblest organ, the eye of faith, hope, and genius—a foreshadowing of glory, the more suggestive because so fleeting. Now we are drawn down again to earth—night has fallen; the real has taken the place of the ideal, and we must wait for inspiration till the sun once more warms and cheers the earth.

There is another occasion on which mist is formed. When the rain-cloud descends—when the air is cold—when a wind loaded with moisture is met by another wind colder and also moist—then the mist passes into a thin, soaking rain: this is that Scotch mist which is not without certain picturesque effects on the hill-side; but to the southern and English mind it suggests chiefly the discomfort of a thorough wetting. The two are distinct, but closely allied. The less the artist can have to do with the latter, the better for himself and his art.

Clouds are visible vapour: how made visible, or when, is not always to be traced, but sometimes we can see nature at this work. A hot sun shines on a mixed landscape of forest and naked rock, or soil uncovered with much vegetation. Standing on some elevated rocky peak, and with a wide horizon of mountain and forest and valley, one may often see a small curl of vapour form in the air above the forest. If the weather has previously been wet, and especially if, after rain has fallen, there has been a slight change in the direction of the wind, the whole process may be watched. As the wind, now fresh and cool, comes over the steaming forest, a white vapoury cloud forms almost instantaneously. It is like the white vapour proceeding from the chimney of a locomotive, or a puff of steam from the escape-valve of some steam-engine. Gradually more and more of this white vapour collects, and after a time a part of it, like the ice from a great marine glacier, breaks off and floats away. Another supply soon follows, and the two drift off in the same direction. Not unfrequently they combine, and at length form a definite cloud of the kind so generally seen in the middle of a fine day.

Or again, watch a detached summit, such as Mount Pilate, near Lucerne, in Switzerland, or the Table Mountain at the Cape of Good Hope, in South Africa. A wind, drifting past the mountain peak or the lofty plateau, becomes chilled, and the water it contained, before invisible, is reduced to visible vapour, or cloud. So long as the wind continues to blow under these conditions, there appears to be a permanent cloud capping the mountains, but if we ascend the mountain, the cloud is found to be a driving mist. The cloud, in fact, is incessantly formed, and as rapidly re-absorbed by the air, when it has passed the influence of the mountain chill. Now and then this cloud will break off and drift away.

The cloud called by writers on the subject *cumulus*, bears a resemblance to heaped masses of vapour—often to heaps of wool. It contains many elements of the picturesque. It is the cloud chiefly alluded to by Ruskin as occupying his "central cloud region," and

is unquestionably of the greatest importance and interest to the artist. Existing in Europe at various elevations, from three or four thousand up to fifteen or sixteen thousand feet, it no doubt ranges even higher in Asia and America, where it is carried up or formed on the flanks of the loftiest mountain summits on the globe.

Clouds of this kind vary greatly in details of form and colour. The higher examples seem to pass into that peculiar upper region where the *cirrus* floats; the lower not unfrequently connect with and pass into strata of mist and true rain-clouds near the earth. The former are white, except near sunrise and sunset, when they are usually pink; the latter become gloomy, and even black. The characteristic clouds of the group are white, somewhat ragged and irregular, and often consist of rapidly changing masses of vapour passing into rounded heaps of grey tint, apparently without movement. Although, however, often shapeless, or even ugly for a time, owing to their woolly form and heaped appearance, they are generally alive with sudden transitions, produced by the rapid formation of new, and the absorption of already formed, parts. With all the appearance of violent and extreme motion, they are very generally confined to the particular part of the atmosphere in which we see them, and do not really leave that at all. Each moment, as the wind blows, shifting slightly its direction, and meeting other currents at various elevations, the clouds alter their shape and magnitude; from one hour to another they bend round and reflect light differently, and they modify the shadows and effects of light on the landscape. It is this that renders the class of central clouds of such vital importance to the artist, and that requires him to harmonise so carefully his landscape with his sky.

The form of *cumulus* clouds, though they certainly consist of nothing but rolling mist, is thus not unfrequently massive, definite, and even angular; and the result is not the production of huge rounded balloons as might be expected, but often much more that of towers and mountains. In mountain countries the distant view of a snowy range is not unfrequently so nearly simulated by the clouds, that we are at a loss to decide where one ends and the other begins. The same sharp outline, the same pyramidal form, the same grey tint, belong to both. At the same time other clouds not far off are eminently fantastic, and suggest to the imagination almost any resemblance however strange. The well-known lines in *Hamlet* on this subject it is unnecessary to quote, but they are wonderfully true, for no two persons would see the same resemblance in outlines, although to each person they suggest very definite ideas. It is not easy to see at first how mere rolling vapour assumes such strange shapes and defined forms; but there cannot be a doubt that all this is due to the action of light reflected from one to another of a multitude of masses, really shapeless in themselves, intercepting much light, and producing their effects by a mixed reflection and transmission of rays.

The absolute extent in length, breadth, and thickness, of any great mass of *cumulus* cloud is a matter that requires due consideration from the artist, for without it he is apt to forget the absolute necessity of breaking up the masses of vapour apparently continuous. It is very rarely indeed that any mass of cloud is really continuous; certainly no mass of this kind of elevated cloud that can be used by the artist in a landscape. How common it is to see huge, unmeaning cloud-piles in pictures otherwise carefully handled. The exception indeed is rare; and yet how completely opposed any representation of this kind is to the truth of nature, it needs but a very slight consideration of the subject to perceive.

One matter is especially common, and especially to be avoided, in the drawing and colouring of *cumulus* clouds: it is the monotony and absence of expression, and the conventional style with which they have been rendered. Clouds that form, and which, indeed, are constantly being generated in all parts of the atmosphere, from three to sixteen thousand feet above the earth—that drift for hundreds, or perhaps thousands of miles from ocean to the middle of a continent—that often course along at different elevations in exactly opposite directions—these clouds, reflecting light in a different manner and angle at each successive hour from sunrise to sunset, are drawn as if one confused mass, half wool, half lead, of no particular elevation, and simply interfering with the sun's light. Such are the *cumulus* clouds of Art, not of nature; they might pass muster when no one thought about them, but they would inevitably be recognised as independent of nature in any modern picture. Even if the original sketching of a group of these clouds were true and admirable for a certain place and hour, it would fail to give pleasure, and would at once be felt as incongruous if inserted in a picture where the time and season were not in harmony with the state of the sky.

In all masses of *cumulus* cloud there is in nature a certain lightness and life. They are not floating in the air as a ship floats on the water, nor do they repose like a feather or a flock of wool, borne up for a time by wind, but having an intrinsic weight that will ultimately sink them. They form a part of the great body of the atmosphere. They may be absorbed and become invisible: they may descend lower and pass into sheets of rain. A trifling change in atmospheric currents will often determine which of these two events shall happen. But they are where they are because at that particular elevation, under the circumstances of the moment, they find their level. As the circumstances alter, as the sun gets higher or descends, as the earth gets hotter or colder, as cooler or warmer winds come in from north or south, more or less of such cloud is developed, and it rests at a higher or lower elevation. Thus there is in it a species of life and an individuality; thus the clouds form an essential part of the landscape, and their portraits require to be painted each by itself, and not at all in a foolish and unmeaning repetition of lines having similar curvature.

Besides the great central cloud region in the lower part of the atmosphere, that may be reached and examined, but only in balloons or on a mountain side, there is an upper cloud region altogether unreachable, and a lower region where the cloud passes into rain. They differ extremely, but both possess much interest to the painter. The former includes the whole of the atmosphere above that elevation, whatever it may be, at which *cumulus* clouds form; and in mountainous countries this is doubtless many thousand feet higher than in districts where there are no high mountains. The rain-clouds, or lower cloud regions, in like manner, rise in mountain districts, and depend for their absolute height on the level of the adjacent land.

The *cirrus* is the expression of all that is lightest, most elegant, least formal, and, it may be said, most characteristic in cloud-land. Formed above, in the infinity of open space, in a part of the atmosphere entirely free from all the ordinary surface disturbances, consisting in many cases of frozen water and of particles and crystals so fine as to remain a part of the atmosphere without change for a long while, these clouds are very distinct in their nature, as well as their appearance, from the *cumulus* clouds beneath them. They probably never form within three miles of the earth, and are frequently much higher. Like many other varieties, they are no doubt due to a certain electric change induced in the crossing of two currents of wind in different conditions with regard to temperature, moisture, and electricity; and the vapour is chiefly rendered visible at the overlapping of two such currents. Of all clouds they most exhibit a peculiar regularity and symmetry, by which, indeed, they are popularly recognised. They are apparently, perhaps really, small, and their number is infinite. Fine silky fibres of cloud, either continued in long bands and lines across the hemisphere, or expanded like fans to meet each other, or complicated as if into a kind of network, are often seen in summer. The fibres seem to bend; the edges of the lines appear sharp; the clouds look flat and very well defined, and they often break up the light, so that if the sun is seen through them it is represented with a coloured halo. Very beautiful in themselves—beautiful in form, in their countless multitudes, in their tints of colour, and in their infinite variety, are these clouds. They are the clouds of fine weather—the clouds that, after the sun has declined beneath the horizon, still light up the sky with warm tints, and communicate the last glow to retiring day.

It is quite impossible for any artist to do justice to such clouds without the most careful and conscientious study of them. They are only to be seen in the upper sky, and are therefore invisible, except when the air is clear and the weather fine. They are usually seen at all hours of the day in very fine weather, but chiefly in the afternoon and towards evening do they exhibit their beauty, for then the sun, being low, they intercept many of his rays; they then become clearly visible, and are often tinted. They assume singular shapes, never occurring in masses, as do the other clouds, but rather accumulating, after some curious and unrecognisable fashion, in a multitude of fine silky lines and threads. They are fantastic in their grouping, but simple in their individual form.

While the true *cirrus* is thus a lofty and airy strip of vapour, one of ten thousand similar flocculent white spots, miles above us in the air, each a film, but forming together bands, and shapes, and wreaths of cloud, apparently connected, because of the vast distance at which we see them, there is a variety called *cirro-stratus*, more marked, but not equally picturesque. Towards sunset, or near sunrise, the high clouds form into misty strips, not unfrequently tinted with deep red, and through these the sun's rays can hardly penetrate. They are the high, or rather distant, banks of cloud, perhaps not much more thickly congregated than at other times, but brought into line. They are not strictly picturesque, but they assist greatly in producing a fine sunset.

As the *cirrus* is above, so the rain-cloud—the *nimbus*, as it is technically called—is below the massive and well-defined *cumulus*. The rain-cloud includes the rising mist, the fog, and the steaming vapour that touch the earth, as well as those large massive clouds often within a few hundred yards of the earth, which are ready at brief notice to empty themselves in showers, though capable of being drifted away, and even re-absorbed into the atmosphere.

With much that is heavy and gloomy in the rain-cloud, there is also much that, in the hands of a landscape painter, is capable of producing magnificent effects. In all land-

scape, the coming storm and the driving rain are occasionally to be seen, and, if well represented, stamp the artist at once as a master. None but those who have studied nature thoroughly can reproduce these details; none but those who have a perfect mastery over colour, and who will condescend to study with equal care the drawing of a cloud and the drawing of a man—who will observe nature in every detail, and work in each point honestly and conscientiously—can hope to succeed in depicting the wild scene, where air and water melt into one another, where the deep broad shadows of the clouds mingle with the deeper shadows on the earth beneath, where the whole earth feels and expresses the convulsion of the atmosphere, where the actual physical change taking place is recognised in every shrub and stream as well as in each blade of grass, and where the frightened cattle huddle under the dangerous shelter of the largest and thickest trees, hoping to escape the thunderbolt.

That in all representations of this kind Turner is the greatest artist of modern times, and that no picture of storm and rain-cloud worthy of the name has come down to us from the old masters, has been so clearly shown by Mr. Ruskin, that I need not here repeat the arguments and illustrations so admirably and forcibly given in the first volume of "Modern Painters." Certainly, as a piece of word-painting, there is nothing in our language more vivid and gorgeous than his sketch of the skies of nature, as compared with the works of Turner and the old masters; and though florid, this description contains enough truth to give it great and permanent value.

The physical geography of clouds must be considered to include those curious and rare phenomena connected with peculiar conditions of the atmosphere, known under various names, and very different in different countries and at various seasons. The irregular refraction called *mirage*, when thoroughly exemplified, affords a real monstrosity—houses, buildings, and ships being apparently bent and broken, and even inverted, while objects that would otherwise be out of sight, and much below the visible horizon, are seen with great clearness. Thus the coast of France is sometimes seen from Hastings, though, when the atmosphere is clear and in its ordinary state, it is impossible, on account of the distance. Thus also, in high northern latitudes, ships have been seen and recognised so far away, that not even the top of the mast could properly come within the range of vision. With these conditions as monstrosities the artist has little to do, but the atmospheric causes that produce them are well worthy of study, as in one way or other they are constantly modifying scenery. Much more depends on the moisture of the atmosphere and the existence of different strata having different refractive power, and therefore affecting landscape differently, than artists are generally aware of. It may be said that this does not interest the artist who works in the air, and obtains real effects; but he ought to know it, in order that he may explain to himself the fact, that on different days during the same season, and at the same hour of the day, and even with a similar sky, the effects are often so different, that colours harmonising well on one day will be unsatisfactory on another.

I pass by also other phenomena, altogether exceptional though not unnatural, with which the artist has nothing to do, except in illustrating some remarkable fact for the sake of record. Of such kind are double suns, mock suns, fantastic haloes, and shooting stars. Except the latter, all such phenomena are due, like *mirage*, to unusual refraction; but the rainbow is too common and too frequently represented to be omitted in an account of atmospheric phenomenon. Unlike the others, it is due entirely to reflection, and to the breaking up of the rays of white light into its coloured members when passed through a round drop of water and reflected back to the eye. The rainbow is a very simple phenomenon, though so wonderfully beautiful and striking. A ray of light from the sun is intercepted by a drop of water in the air. It enters the drop, being bent as it enters the denser medium, afterwards reflected at the opposite surface, and emerging at a different angle, reaching the eye of the spectator. When the ray reaches the back of the drop and is thence reflected, each separate colour is a different ray, and if received on a surface, the ray instead of being a white point would be seen as a line having several colours. It would be what is called the *prismatic spectrum*. The eye sees it in this state, and the bow is made up of a number of these lines, each drop as it passes out of the line of sight being replaced by another doing the same thing. It is clear that to see the bow the sun must be shining, the spectator must be standing with his back to the sun, there must be a discharging rain-cloud opposite the spectator, but this rain-cloud must not cover the whole sky. Occasionally, when the air is clear and circumstances are favourable, a second bow is seen outside the principal bow, and with the colours inverted. This is owing to a double reflection, and is necessarily much fainter than the other. Even a third has now and then been seen; but this is very rare. In this the colours are seen in the same order as in the first. The height of the bow depends on the height of the sun, being greatest when the sun is lowest. A rainbow at noon is thus scarcely possible, and generally not remarkable. Towards evening, also, it becomes faint; and the best time is between eight and ten before noon, and between two and four in the afternoon. This is the case, at least, during the middle months of the year, when showery weather with sunlight is most common.

Besides the relative position of the sun and spectator, and therefore the position of the shadows when a rainbow is represented, it may be worth while to mention, that owing to an optical cause, there is always more light in the portion of sky included within the bow than outside. Thus, when the bow is complete, the contrasts of light and shadow are more striking than would be the case without it, and the proportion of the bow seen depends on the extent of the cloud between the observer and the point of the heavens opposite to the sun.

In this endeavour to put before the reader interested in Art a brief outline of the science of Light and Air as affecting Art, I have necessarily limited myself to the more prominent illustrations. I have endeavoured rather to illustrate than explain; but the intelligent reader interested in the subject will have little trouble in finding the means of increasing his knowledge, and rendering clearer and more exact his ideas, should he desire to follow it out practically. A recollection of the main causes of change in the state of the air, a sense of the entire dependence of every landscape on the local and seasonal conditions of the atmosphere for the exact effects at any given time, a careful and honest comparison of the difference caused by sudden and marked alterations of the state of the air, will not fail to satisfy any one of the value of a certain amount of scientific knowledge of these matters, both to the artist himself, and to every one who would enjoy Art himself, or give an opinion to the world on artistic subjects.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JAMES EDEN, ESQ., LYTHAM.

THE PET OF THE COMMON.

J. C. Horsley, A.R.A., Painter. H. Lemon, Engraver.

Subjects of this kind belong to the class familiarly called "popular," from the appeal they make to the intelligence and feeling of the multitude; they require no learned Art-critic to explain the story, though he may have much to say on the merits or demerits of the representation. Nine-tenths of the people who visit galleries of paintings look only at what they can understand as pictorial representations, and care little for the manner, so long as it is truthful, in which these subjects are placed on the canvas; they see, they understand what the artist has done, and are satisfied.

Admitting that a painter should always take as high ground as he can reach, and that the more elevated the character of his work, the greater honour he pays to his pursuit, we cannot allow, as some argue, that pictures such as that introduced here are below the dignity of true Art, which is lawfully entitled to take in a wide range, and should not be restricted to subjects that address themselves only to particular minds, or those whose ideas of Art run in one narrow groove. Its mission is to all, and provided it in no sense oversteps its legitimate bounds nor the "modesty of nature," we are disposed to recognise its utility as much in what is considered commonplace as in its more elevated themes, testing its usefulness by the pleasure it affords. Under such conditions we can accept Mr. Horsley's 'Pet of the Common' as a work which, irrespective of its pictorial merits, ought not to be held in light esteem.

It cannot be a mere painter's fancy; Mr. Horsley must have seen some incident which gave rise to the picture, and being in a humorous mood, probably, at the time, he determined to transfer the scene, or to adapt it to his canvas. There is a touch of true rustic life throughout the whole composition; the landscape is a grassy common, with here and there tufts of gorse and wild thyme, stretching far into the distance.

> "What is more noble than the vernal furze
> With golden baskets hung? Approach it not,
> For every blossom has a troop of swords
> Drawn to defend it. 'Tis the treasury
> Of fays and fairies. Here they nightly meet,
> Each with a burnished king-cup in his hand,
> And quaff the subtle ether. Here they dance
> To the old village chimes or moody song
> Of midnight Philomel. The ringlet see
> Fantastically trod. There Oberon
> His gallant train leads out, the while his torch
> The glow-worm lights, and dusky night illumes:
> And there they foot it featly round and laugh."
> HURDIS.

On the left side stands the village church, and on the opposite is seen the roof of a farm-house, embowered in trees. The villagers have, of course, the right of free pasturage on the common, where a she-ass and her foal seem to have no small portion just now for their share. A sturdy young rustic, sent on an errand with his master's letter-bag and a basket of game, encounters the young donkey on his way, snatches it up, and bears it triumphantly to some children gathering wild flowers. We would venture a wager this is not the first time the juvenile animal has been fondled in the arms of that ruddy-cheeked, white-frocked nurse, and the little girls seem quite at home with the "pet." At a short distance is the dam, braying vociferously after her offspring, as if her feelings were outraged by the indignity it suffers.

The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1854: it is most carefully painted, and in a rich and pure tone of colour. It forms one of many works in the collection of a gentleman whose taste and judgment have been rightly directed, and whose assemblage of the productions of British artists of fame, though not large, is one of the best in the kingdom.

J. C. HORSLEY. A.R.A. PINXT

H. LEMON. SCULPT

THE PET OF THE COMMON.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF JAMES EDEN, ESQ^R LYTHAM.

BRITISH
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MUSEUM

SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT.

The Department has issued its annual report for the last year. It states that the total number of Schools of Art in the United Kingdom is 90; in the central schools, 15,908 persons received instruction during the year; in the public schools, 71,423. Payments on results have for the last ten years formed part of the system by which Art-masters have been remunerated, and the working of the system has been such as to justify its complete adoption; minutes have accordingly been prepared extending the application of this principle to all the instruction given in or through the means of Art schools. These minutes will also tend to restrict the aid of the State to those classes that are unable to provide such education for themselves.

It is these minutes, we believe, which have caused so much stir among the masters of the various provincial schools, who, as we stated some short time ago, have protested against them. The committee of the Brighton School held a meeting in June last, and passed a condemnatory resolution, which was forwarded to headquarters; but, of course, "my lords" of South Kensington "think it unnecessary to reconsider the minutes," though the refusal to do so may be, as the Brighton memorialists intimate, something approximating to a breach of good faith in the relations between public departments and individuals. One of the results of these minutes is, as the Department authorities acknowledge, to enable the masters of the various schools to give instruction to the poorer classes; in other words, to impose on them a vast increase of labour, with little, if any, addition to their present limited incomes. There is a passage in the report which must provoke a smile in any one who reads it, with a knowledge of the real practical results of the teachings of the Science and Art Department: it is to the effect that several foreign governments are so impressed with the powerful influence which the Department has had on the industrial progress of England, that they have applied for detailed information of its working. Only imagine the heads of *L'Ecole des Arts et Métiers* in Paris and in Belgium sitting at the feet of the Gamaliels of South Kensington to be taught wisdom! Why, the improvement undoubtedly manifest in our Art-manufactures within the last ten years, is mainly owing to what has been done for us in the way of practical teaching by the pupils of these French and Belgian schools in the employ of Englishmen at home, or working for them abroad. The foreign governments referred to in the report have perpetrated a cruel joke on our great Art-institution.

Speaking of this subject, the *Builder* noticed some weeks since a work which we have not yet seen—the "Report of the French Commission on the 1862 Exhibition;" and in the course of its remarks, our contemporary says:—

"We were aware of the defects that there are in the constitution of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*, especially in what relates to architecture, and to all its subsidiary arts; but we confess we were hardly prepared for the comparison which has been drawn between the machinery and advantages for industrial Art-education in the two countries, and for the appreciation of results with us accrued and seen to be approaching. The independent testimony to the benefit from the institution, and in favour of the management of the Department of Art, will, no doubt, be duly valued in South Kensington. The assertion has not unfrequently been made, that the best English designers are none of them the product of the Department. One of the French reporters, however, speaks of having asked English jurors to what the improvement which had taken place was attributable, and of being referred to the institution at South Kensington."

We should like to ascertain who were these English jurors questioned by the French reporter, and on whose testimony a wreath of laurel is placed by the *Builder* on the victors of South Kensington. Our own information, gathered, not from jurors, but from manufacturers in every part of the country, who surely are the most reliable and independent witnesses, has long proved quite the contrary. If these gentlemen could find what they want at home, why do they take the trouble to go abroad for designers, and artisans, and patterns?—the men and the works who have given, what M. Chevalier, in his introduction to the French reports, calls the "ascendant movement especially visible amongst the English?"

We may take an opportunity ere long to subject this report to a more rigid scrutiny, more especially to that portion of the appendix which refers to the "Employment of Students of Schools of Art in the Production of various works of Ornamental Manufactures exhibited by Producers and Manufacturers of the United Kingdom in the International Exhibition, 1862." Many of our readers will doubtless recollect that the Department sent to most, if not all, of the leading manufacturers throughout the country a circular, asking for information with respect to the number of pupils employed in their respective establishments, and inviting opinions upon the practical value of the Art-instruction afforded by the schools. The result of these inquiries, as set forth in the report, affords ample material for comment.

ART IN PARLIAMENT.

Our public Art enterprise is one of the things in which we are singularly unfortunate. Between the issues of the good intentions of committees of private gentlemen, and those of the patriotism of the House of Commons in matters of Art, there is no difference—both exemplify vexatious failures. If there be any significance in the efflorescence of Art under the earlier griping despotisms of the continent, the large measure of freedom we enjoy cannot be favourable to its development. From Hyde Park Corner to the Monument, London abounds in bad statuary—each example is a melancholy instance of our ill-directed exercise of the liberty of the subject. In these matters we have not yet sown our wild oats, and the seed time is tediously long. We are continually asked why there is no committee of taste; and are told that had such a tribunal existed, we should never have had such statues as Wyatt's Wellington and George III.; that even Chantrey's statues would have been better, and that others in Trafalgar Square and elsewhere had never been at all. Had such a council been appointed, it is by no means certain the works which the public so justly condemns would have been less unsatisfactory. Session after session we are told that, were the Royal Academy subject to government control, it would be an institution less refractory and certainly more healthy. Coercion might be a remedy for certain crying evils, but it might also originate other ills of which we know not. The only profitable course—that whence the largest proportion of good is to be expected—was that at length arrived at, of appointing the best artists to execute public works; but even this procedure has not been unattended by unforeseen embarrassments. The first attempts at fresco in the Houses of Parliament are all, technically, failures; but why they are so we cannot learn, although a committee of men of taste and science has devoted much time to inquiry on the subject. It was plainly confessed that every artist accepting a fresco commission must, of necessity, acquaint himself with a method of painting unpractised in this country, and known to him only theoretically. And now that the painters in the Houses of Parliament have attained to a certain facility in fresco, they must again go to school and learn stereochromy, the new manner of mural painting practised by Kaulbach at Munich and Berlin, and after him by Maclise with perfect success in the Royal Gallery. When the order for these was given, years ago, the Royal Commission never dreamt that in 1863 they would yet have to be painted; that is, a principal proportion of them, for certain of the painters have nobly done their duty. All the artists employed upon the great works in the Palace of Westminster have been thus induced into a method of painting quite new to them, and to another similar and more remarkable instance we shall immediately advert. The backwardness both of Mr. Dyce and Mr. Herbert has been severely commented on, in and out of parliament. To their nonfulfilment of conditions the constancy of Maclise presents an exemplary contrast. During the course of his exercitations in the Houses of Parliament, after having mastered fresco, he goes to Berlin or Munich, makes a conquest of water-glass painting, and is now busy on the upper deck of the *Victory*, fitting her out in the gear in which she fought at Trafalgar.

There is yet another defaulter more immediately in the public remembrance than the artists in the Palace at Westminster, although in his case circumstances differ. On the 8th of June, on the proposal of the vote of £6,000 for the Nelson column, Mr. Hankey said that it was discreditable to the House, to the Board of Works, and in some degree to the name of the artist who had undertaken the task of completing the lions, that such a delay should have occurred. There is much truth in Mr. Hankey's observations. By whatever government the contract was made, it was entered into with the understanding that Sir Edwin Landseer would commence the work and finish it forthwith; but this is another case in which the artist has been obliged again to go to school, and Sir Edwin Landseer is in his art a strictly conscientious man; of this the diversity of his subject-matter is a sufficient evidence—he has never a second time approached any of his subjects. He might unquestionably have finished the commission within three years of having received it; but he is of opinion that it could not be accomplished in any term less than that of a full apprenticeship. Six years have elapsed since it was undertaken. One of the clay models, which by a little transmutation may serve for the others, is, it is said, finished; the vote of £6,000 was taken in anticipation of this, for it is the practice in the profession of sculpture to receive the half of the stipulated sum at this stage of progress. Sir M. W. Ridley regretted that the execution of the lions had been placed in the hands of Sir Edwin Landseer, and said that a sculptor, to whose profession such a work legitimately belonged, would have completed them in a year and a half. And this is the way that the mass of members in the House understand Art; in this case they would be satisfied with anything heraldic. There is no sculptor so well qualified as Sir Edwin Landseer to represent a lion, yet any sculptor may be believed to understand, better than Sir Edwin Landseer, the technicalities of his own profession; the study of the habits of animals is, however, the occupation of a lifetime, but to Landseer three years would have been ample. Sir M. W. Ridley said that the column had been given to one artist and the bas-reliefs to another, but this is not the fact; there were, at least, five sculptors employed on the bas-reliefs: Watson, MacDowell, Carew, and Ternouth. Watson, a man of great talent and a pupil of Flaxman, died before his bas-relief was finished, and Woodington, another sculptor of high reputation among artists, but who is not publicly known according to his deserts, was appointed to complete Watson's work. The lions when finished will be twenty feet long, and for their completion in bronze there

will be necessary another vote of at least £6,000.

On the 24th of June, Lord Houghton (Mr. Monckton Milnes) called attention to the sums demanded by the Dean and Chapter for permission to place a statue in Westminster Abbey. In 1854, the same gentleman brought this subject under the notice of the House in connection with a monument to Campbell, the poet—a statue subscribed for by friends and admirers, and which they desired should be placed in the Abbey where he was buried. By the Dean of that day a fee of £700 was asked for permission to place the statue. Sir W. Molesworth was then at the Board of Works, and on a remonstrance from him the fee was reduced, and permission given, but it was followed by a resolution on the part of the Chapter that no more monuments should be admitted into the Abbey. Shortly after the appointment of the present dean, application was made for space for a monument to a prime minister, but permission was refused on the plea that there was no room; and the same answer was returned to similar applications in respect of memorials to Lord Macaulay and Hallam, and again in the case of Lord Canning, and also in that of Sir George Cornwall Lewis, though in the last case an exception has been made on consideration of payment of £200 for space for a tablet and bust. When the friends of an eminent man desire that his remains should be laid in the Abbey, the monument is the last thing thought of; yet monuments are the rule, and as every man worthy of interment in the Abbey is worthy of a memorial of some kind, exclusion is an injustice to the memory of the departed. This question might be dealt with by a Royal Commission; or an act of parliament might remove the jurisdiction, as far as the monuments were concerned, to some department of the government, but such a measure now is scarcely called for, as there is really much truth in the Dean's statement that there is no more room. Indeed, long since all the best sites have been occupied—those in which sculptors would willingly see their works placed. With respect to the majority of the memorials in the Abbey, their effect is improved by a privation of light. All sculptors are desirous of having works in the Abbey, although they are imperfectly seen, but the characters of some of the recent statues that have been placed there are worthy of other artistic associations than those by which we find them surrounded. The Dean protests that there is no room for more monuments; a committee of gentlemen who surveyed the Abbey after the refusal to admit the statue of Lord Canning, asserts that there is yet space without in anywise inconveniencing the congregation. But whether there be no further room or only a little, there arises a question of no small public interest as to the commemoration of our future great men. Although many sculptors may be ready to put forth their best exertions in works for the Abbey, and are not unwilling to have them buried there, like those they celebrate, it is yet by no means desirable it should be said this or that memorial is an admirable example of sculpture, but it cannot be seen. The Dean and his predecessor think that some other temple or Walhalla must be found, if not to contain the ashes of the great, at least to receive their memorials; and so others have thought, for some time past, though not on the same grounds. In the stately cathedral of St. Paul's is surely "ample room and verge enough" for scores of noble monuments.

The mere mention of the National Gallery in the House of Commons has been for some sessions followed by passages of sword play between certain of the members. Mr. Bentinck thought the Bellini lately added to the collection at a cost of 600 guineas not worth the money: it was an injured picture, and, in fact, was not a Bellini at all. Moreover, the honourable member wanted to point out that it was the duty of the trustees to buy none but genuine pictures at high prices; he would ask if it were not desirable to discontinue buying at large prices unauthenticated works. Mr. Coningham also was of opinion that the picture was not genuine; he said that the trustees suffered fine pictures to be sold, and then had them repurchased at high prices; and amid cries of "question," proceeded to say that the Academy should be turned out, &c. The picture in question was not purchased as by Bellini; it hangs in the Gallery described as of the school of Bellini. The kind of information of which the purchasers have need is precisely that which shall enable them—failing a well authenticated pedigree of possessorship—to determine between a genuine and a spurious work of Art. The principle which has guided the purchases for the collection has been above all the well attested history of desirable pictures, with the indispensable condition that they shall be characterised by the manner of the artist whose name they bear. Beyond this, further proof is unnecessary, and in the face of it the opinions and connoisseurship of both Mr. Bentinck and Mr. Coningham avail nothing. In most of the old collections—as, for instance, at Dresden—are pictures the authenticity of which has not only been doubted ever since they were added to the gallery, but in the new catalogue they are now attributed to other artists than those to whom they have been assigned for more than a century. A similar revisal has taken place at Berlin with a like result. Thus the history of none of these pictures is known, and if in reference to any of them any authentic record were discovered, it would most probably annul the second attribution and introduce a third. With respect to our National Collection, it is of formation so recent, and has been collected under circumstances of such publicity, as to challenge the criticism and appeal to the knowledge of all persons who exercise the one or possess the other. The case of the Holbein picture is not yet forgotten; it was purchased for £400 or £600 from a person who could not give its history, and was, we believe, afterwards discovered to be not only spurious, but to have been offered in Paris for £25. Since this time large and valuable additions have been made to the collection, and in the purchase of these pictures the first recommendation has been an authentic history; and, we believe, that in every case of purchase a caution has been exercised, insomuch as to defy any depreciative evidence. Nothing is easier than to rise in the House of Commons and condemn any of the pictures in the collection, but few things would be more difficult than to justify such condemnation. The mere opinions of Mr. Coningham and Mr. Bentinck go for nothing. Our National Gallery is not extensive, but with the exception of the Tribune at Florence, in the Palazzo Vecchio, there is nothing so brilliant as our Italian room; we say nothing of the Pitti. Even after a visit to the most celebrated public collections of Europe, we return to be refreshed by our own public pictures, which, as a whole, stand far above the vulgar questions that may be put in respect of most other public galleries.

To the other Art-topics brought before parliament during the past session, such reference has been made in our columns at the time as to render further comment unnecessary.

OBITUARY.

EUGÈNE DELACROIX.

At no very long interval of time from the death of Ary Scheffer and Paul Delaroche, France has to mourn the loss, on the 13th of August, of another of her most eminent historical painters, Ferdinand Victor Eugène Delacroix. He was born in 1798, at Charenton. His father, a member of the revolutionary National Convention, and who filled several important offices under the republic and the consulate, intended his son for official life, and gave him an education suited to the position destined for him. At the age of eighteen Eugène was still attending the College of Louis-le-Grand, which he quitted to enter the studio of P. Guérin.

His first picture, 'Dante and Virgil crossing the Styx,' was not publicly exhibited at the time, owing, it is alleged, to the advice of Guérin, who was alarmed for the reputation of his pupil for venturing upon a subject so new to the French public; many of the best judges of Art, both painters and connoisseurs, among whom was M. Thiers, spoke in terms of the highest admiration of the power and imagination shown in this work, and foretold for its author a brilliant career. In 1824 he produced 'The Massacre of Scio,' for which he was awarded by the jury of the exhibition a medal of the second class. In 1826 he painted for the church of St. Paul and St. Louis, in the Rue St. Antoine, 'Christ on the Mount of Olives,' and for one of the saloons in the Council of State, 'The Emperor Justinian framing the Laws.'

From this time his reputation was established and increased year by year, though there were still among his critics some who denied to him the merits almost universally admitted to be his due. A catalogue of the paintings of this most laborious and versatile artist would form a list of no ordinary length; among the best known are a scene from Dante's "Inferno," and 'Alexander after the Battle of Arbela,' both in the library of the Senate; 'The History of the Theban Hercules,' in the Hotel de Ville; 'Apollo vanquishing the Python,' in the Louvre; 'The Invasion of Attila,' 'The Golden Age,' and some single allegorical figures, in the Bourbon Palace; 'The Angel Michael's Combat with Satan,' 'Heliodorus,' and 'Jacob wrestling with the Angel,' all in the chapel of the church of St. Sulpice. Others, whose present locality is unknown to us, are—'The Burial of St. Etienne,' 'The Disciples at Emmaus,' 'The Crucifixion,' 'The Entombment,' 'Milton dictating "Paradise Lost" to his Daughters,' 'Raffaelle in his Atelier,' 'Tasso in Prison,' &c. &c. In 1831 Delacroix paid a visit to the East, and painted subsequently several pictures from the sketches he there made.

At the great Paris Exhibition of 1855 Delacroix was represented by thirty-five of his principal works. His own countrymen, and some German critics, are accustomed to speak of him as a great colourist; such, however, is by no means the opinion we have formed from the examination of his pictures at that time, and from what we have seen in his own studio. He cannot rank high as a colourist, at least to eyes accustomed to the brilliancy of the English school; but his historical compositions are most masterly, his drawing is vigorous and true, and the daring boldness with which his ideas are thrown, as it were, on the canvas, reminds one sometimes of Rubens.

He was buried, with much funeral pomp, in the cemetery of Père la Chaise; a very large number of his countrymen, distinguished in Art, science, and literature, attended his remains to their last resting-place, desirous of thus doing homage to a painter of no common genius, and to a man who in private life was distinguished by extreme simplicity and gentleness of manner combined with great kindness of heart.

CAPTAIN J. D. KING.

During a long series of years the catalogues of the Royal Academy and of the British Institution contained the name, as an honorary exhibitor, of Captain John Duncan King, a landscape painter

of considerable talent, whose works have frequently been favourably spoken of in our columns. The gallant officer, who had seen much military service in early life, died on the 21st of August, at the Lower Ward, Windsor Castle, a residence he had long occupied as a Military Knight of Windsor. His age was seventy-four.

Captain King was an enthusiastic admirer of Claude, many of whose pictures, both here and in Paris, he copied very successfully. To our notice of the death of Horace Vernet—see page 52 *ante*—were appended some remarks on the French artist and his works, written by the captain, who studied under him in 1825. For very many years we enjoyed the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Captain King, in every way a most estimable man: it is therefore with sincere individual regret we pen this brief record to his memory.

THE ARCHÆOLOGICAL INSTITUTE IN KENT.

Archæology may take just credit to itself for the results of its labours since the establishment of the Institute about twenty years ago. It has discredited, if it has not eradicated, that complacent antiquarianism formerly in vogue, and which, at the end of the last century, ran to seed at Strawberry Hill; it has been the ready and judicious ally of geology, and in that capacity has frequently performed signal service; it has shown us how to extract as well from our old cathedrals and monasteries, as from our ancient records and muniments, new and truer lessons than had formerly been learnt; it has encouraged a commendable spirit of inquiry, by aiding the organisation throughout the land of a score of societies whose object is like its own; and by the success of its labours has finally succeeded in elevating itself from the position of a pursuit that was contemned, to the rank of a most useful and reputable science.

At the beginning of its career the promoters of the Institute wisely determined not to restrict its operations to London and to the ordinary monthly meetings of members, but to extend its agency and increase its influence by means of an annual congress in one of the cathedral cities of the three kingdoms, at which the Arts, monuments, and antiquities of the district should be explored and elucidated. These congresses have always been of a most agreeable and instructive kind, but that which has recently terminated at Rochester, under the presidency of Marquis Camden, was indubitably the most successful yet held. During the week occupied by the proceedings the weather continued uniformly fine, and visitors were fortunately enabled to enjoy, under a fine sky and in a beautiful county, the various pleasant excursions that had been planned to objects of interest at a distance from the town. The papers read in the sections, too, were all good, especially those contributed by Dr. Guest, Mr. Beresford-Hope, Professor Willis, Dean Hook, and Mr. M. H. Bloxam. Several of them, indeed, are of permanent value, and as they will doubtless be hereafter published in the pages of the *Archæological Journal*, we must refer the reader to that periodical, merely mentioning in passing that Professor Willis, in his elaborate discourse on Rochester Cathedral, pronounced the whole of that building, with the exception of a portion of the crypt, to be later than the time of Gundulph, to whom it is generally ascribed, together with the castle at Rochester, Malling Abbey, and the White Tower of London.

From an Art point of view the meeting must be considered to have been of rare interest. In this respect the institute is always fortunate. Its special exhibitions in London generally number among their contributors the most noted Art-possessors in the kingdom; and whenever the society migrates into the country, its influence is sufficient to collect all that is asked for or required. The temporary museum arranged in the Corn Exchange, under the able direction of Mr. C. Tucker, contained a display of Art-treasures seldom surpassed in archæological interest, and which were a source of great attraction on the alternate evenings on which they were to be seen. The paintings and drawings were numerous and very fine. By permission of her Majesty the large picture by Holbein, representing the embarkation at Dover of Henry VIII. for France, in 1520, and which contains a representation of the famous ship *Harry Grace à Dieu*, was removed from Hampton Court for the occasion. Her Majesty sent also from Windsor Castle ingenious card models of the *Diamond* and *Greyhound* ships, dated 1731. The Rev. J. Fuller Russell contributed largely from his fine collection of the works of the early Italian masters. Ugolino da Siena was well represented by the seven divisions of the predella of the great altar picture which, according to Vasari, he painted for the church of S. Croce, at Florence, containing the Last Supper, the Betrayal, the Scourging, the Procession to Calvary, the Descent from the Cross, the Entombment, and the Resurrection. The work is in tempera, on gold ground. Also in tempera, on gold ground, is a fine example of the manner of Taddeo di Bartolo, a diptych, representing on the one side the Virgin and Child enthroned between St. James the Greater, St. John Baptist and two angels; and on the other, our Blessed Lord on the cross between the Virgin Mary and St. John Evangelist, the foot of the cross being embraced by Mary Magdalene. The frame of this diptych is enriched with precious stones, and in the top are two compartments containing half-length figures of the Angel of the Annunciation and of the Virgin. Of Giotto there was a work which displays all the shortcomings and accomplishments that distinguished this painter. It is a Christ standing in the tomb with St. John and the Virgin, one on each side, adoring the pierced hands of the Lord. Sano di Pietro, Barna da Siena, and the school of Giotto, were all adequately represented; whilst of the illuminations of Don Silvestro and Hans Memling there were several admirable specimens from the same collections. Mr. Edward Pretty sent some beautiful miniatures by different artists, one of them being a portrait of Lady Rachel Russell, and a remarkable 'Study of Heads' by an unknown artist. The portrait of Camden the historian, well known by means of engravings, was contributed by the noble president, and that of Lambard, the Kentish antiquary, by his representative, Mr. William Lambard. Among the other portraits that decorated the walls were two belonging to Lord Stanhope: one of Anne Stanhope, Duchess of Somerset, formerly in the possession of the namby-pamby antiquary, Horace Walpole, whose blundering note is still preserved on the back; and a small full-length portrait of King George I., which is noticeable as having been presented by the original to the first Lord Stanhope. Major Luard contributed a profile portrait, carved in wood, of Edward VI.; Mr. David Laing a miniature of Anne of Cleves, by Holbein; and the late Mr. W. Clayton, of Dover, a portrait of King James I., in which the most remarkable feature is a tall, jewelled hat, that could not have had the effect of improving the complacent countenance of the Scotch Solomon.

Local scenes, personages, and events, were plentifully illustrated. Mr. John Henderson had selected from his fine collection several water-colour drawings representing Kentish scenery. Among these the two by Turner of Dover Harbour in 1792 and 1793 had numerous admirers, although they were unquestionably inferior in most respects to those near them by other artists, that were overlooked. Mr. E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., together with numerous objects of antiquarian interest, sent a couple of his own most satisfactory and charming drawings of the immediate neighbourhood.

Distributed throughout the room were numerous old engravings and etchings, having reference to local history and topography. Our space, however, will allow us to specify only a curious set, representing the exploits of the Dutch in the Medway; a fine engraving of Fairlawn House, by I. Kip, belonging to Mr. M. Vane; and a series of etchings by Picart, illustrating the Escape in 1688 of James II. from Rochester. They are the property of Mr. Blaauw, and though coarse, and as inaccurate as Macaulay's estimate of the character of William III., are interesting for the very audacity of their misrepresentation. Nor can we do more than merely allude to the splendid display of objects of archæological interest that were exhibited in the cases. The collection of military weapons and implements, of ecclesiastical and domestic utensils, and of articles of personal ornament, was contributed to by the Commander-in-Chief, the Secretary of State for War, the Society of Antiquaries, and the corporations of Dover and Rochester, and was, chronologically, one of the most complete ever amassed. Mr. Beresford-Hope, to whom we are happy in again having an opportunity of expressing the obligation under which he has laid the Arts in this country, contributed photographs of mural paintings in San Clemente, in Rome, a curious wooden reredos of Norman design, and a roughly carved triptych, said to be Scandinavian, but which has no characteristics it may not have derived from a rustic workman in any Catholic country. Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson forwarded a collection of the antiquities preserved in his fine old mansion at Charlton; and the Hon. Sir John Bligh sent several objects of historical interest.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer forwarded a few statuettes in ivory and wood, and kindly lent from his cabinets of rare porcelain a fine specimen of Tuscan ware, made, in 1580, under Francesco de Medici, whose monogram and a representation of the Duomo at Florence is fixed on the dull white surface of the plate. Only thirty pieces of this fabric are known. Early books, charters, seals, regalias, illuminated manuscripts, and heraldic collections, were in abundance. The series of Caxtons was very extensive and complete, and comprised specimens from the collections of Earl Spencer at Althorpe, Mr. Tite, M.P., and Mr. Fuller Russell, together with the original MS. volume from Lambeth Palace of "The Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophers." The last volume is famous, as it contains the only known contemporary portrait of Edward V., as well as a portrait often in error engraved as that of Caxton himself. But it was in Anglo-Saxon remains that the museum was richest. It will be sufficient to say that Earl Amherst exhibited the splendid enamelled brooch found at Minster, in Kent; Mr. Gibbs sent his important collection of objects found in Kent since 1848; and the British Museum* kindly permitted the exhibition of the famous Faussett collection of Anglo-Saxon antiquities.

In addition to these treasures in the museum, the members of the Institute were, by the kind hospitality of the noble owners of Knole and Cobham, invited to inspect the extensive and well-known galleries of ancient portraits contained in those mansions. At each place they were fortunate in having for their *cicerone* so competent an Art-critic as Mr. George Scharf, who, at each place, kindly undertook to head the party and give any explanations that were desired.

The Institute was well received at Rochester, and obtained a large accession of influential members. The Mayor and Corporation by giving the use of the public buildings, the Dean and Chapter by affording facilities for the inspection and examination of the cathedral, the Bridgewardens and other public bodies by their readiness to meet the wishes of their distinguished visitors, and the local nobility and gentry by lending works of Art or of archæological interest, all evinced on the occasion a public spirit that is highly commendable, and that must have been very gratifying to the archæologists and their friends. The meeting, moreover, derived *éclat* from the presence of a special envoy from the Emperor of the French, who had been despatched by his Imperial Majesty for the purpose of ascertaining the views of Dr. Guest and the historical section on the invasion of England by Julius Cæsar, a subject of much interest to the present ruler of France, whose "Vie de César" is said to be on the eve of publication.

The meeting for 1864 will be held at Warwick, but the programme will embrace Coventry, Lichfield, Kenilworth, and Stratford-upon-Avon.

* Our contributor is mistaken. The offer to purchase the remarkable collection was declined by the Museum, and it is to the public spirit of an individual, Mr. Joseph Mayer, of Liverpool, that the nation owes the preservation in its entirety of this unique collection.—[Ed. *A.-J.*]

HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND OF GROTESQUE IN ART.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A.
THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER IX.—Minstrelsy a subject of burlesque and caricature.—Character of the minstrels.—Their jokes upon themselves and upon one another.—Various musical instruments represented in the sculptures of the mediæval artists.—Sir Matthew Gournay and the King of Portugal.—Discredit of the tabor and bagpipes.

ONE of the principal classes of the satirists of the middle ages, the minstrels, were far from being unamenable to satire themselves. They belonged generally to a low class of the population, one that was hardly acknowledged by the law, which merely administered to the pleasures and amusements of others, and, though sometimes liberally rewarded, they were objects rather of contempt than of respect. Of course there were minstrels belonging to a class more respectable than the others, but these were comparatively few; and the ordinary minstrel seems to have been simply an unprincipled vagabond, who hardly possessed any settled resting-place, who wandered about from place to place, and was not too nice as to the means by which he gained his living—perhaps fairly represented by the street minstrel, or mountebank, of the present day. One of his talents was that of mocking and ridiculing others, and it is not to be wondered at, therefore, if he sometimes became an object of mockery and ridicule himself. One of the well-known minstrels of the thirteenth century, Rutebeuf, was, like many of his fellows, a poet also, and he has left several short pieces of verse descriptive of himself and of his own mode of life. In one of these he complains of his poverty, and tells us that the world had in his time—the reign of St. Louis—become so degenerate, that few people gave anything to the unfortunate minstrel. According to his own account, he was without food, and in a fair way towards starvation, exposed to the cold without sufficient clothing, and with nothing but straw for his bed.

"Je touz de froit, de fain baaille.
Dont je suis mors et maubailliz.
Je suis sanz coutes et sans liz;
N'a si povre jusqu'à Senliz.
Sire, si ne sai quel part aille:
Mes costeiz connoit le pailliz,
Et liz de paille n'est pas liz,
Et en mon lit n'a fors la paille."
Œuvres de Rutebeuf, vol. i. p. 3.

In another poem, Rutebeuf laments that he has rendered his condition still more miserable by marrying, when he had not wherewith to keep a wife and family. In a third, he complains that in the midst of his poverty, his wife has brought him a child to increase his domestic expenses, while his horse, on which he was accustomed to travel to places where he might exercise his profession, had broken its leg, and his nurse was dunning him for money. In addition to all these causes of grief, he had lost the use of one of his eyes.

"Or a d'enfant géu ma fame;
Mon cheval a brisié la jame
A une lice;
Or vent de l'argent ma norrice,
Qui m'en destraint et me pélice.
For l'enfant pestre."

Throughout his complaint, although he laments over the decline of liberality among his contemporaries, he turns his poverty into a joke. In several other pieces of verse he speaks in the same way, half joking and half lamenting over his poverty, and he does not conceal that the love of gambling was one of the causes of it. "The dice," he says, "have stripped me entirely of my robe; the dice watch and spy me; it is these which kill me; they assault and ruin me, to my grief."

"Li dé que li détier ont fet,
M'ont de ma robe tout desfet:
Li dé m'ocient.
Li dé m'aguetent et espient;
Li dé m'assaillent et defient,
Ce poise moi."—*Ib.*, vol. i. p. 27.

And elsewhere he intimates that what the minstrels sometimes gained from the lavish generosity of their hearers, soon passed away at the tavern in dice and drinking.

One of Rutebeuf's contemporaries in the same profession, Colin Muset, indulges in similar complaints, and speaks bitterly of the want of generosity displayed by the great barons of his time. In addressing one of them who had treated him ungenerously, he says, "Sir Count, I have fiddled before you in your hostel, and you neither gave me a gift, nor paid me my wages. It is discreditable behaviour. By the duty I owe to St. Mary, I cannot continue in your service at this rate. My purse is ill furnished, and my wallet is empty."

"Sire Quens, j'ai vielé
Devant vos en vostre ostel:
Si ne m'avez riens donné,
Ne mes gages acquitez,
C'est vilanie.
Foi que doi sainte Marie,
Ensi ne vos sieurré-je mie.
M'aumosnière est mal garnie,
Et ma male mal farsie."

He proceeds to state, that when he went home to his wife (for Colin Muset also was a married minstrel), he was ill received if his purse and wallet were empty; but it was very different when they were full. His wife sprang forward and threw her arms round his neck; she took his wallet from his horse with alacrity, while his lad conducted the animal cheerfully to the stable, and his maiden killed a couple of capons, and prepared them with piquant sauce. His daughter brought a comb for his hair. "Then," he exclaims, "I am master in my own house."

"Ma fame va destroser
Ma male sans demorer;
Mon garçon va abuvrer
Mon cheval et conreer;
Ma pucele va tuer
Deux chapons por deporter
A la jause aillie.
Ma fille m aporte un pigne
Eor sa main par cortoisie.
Lors sui de mon ostel sire."

When the minstrels could thus joke upon themselves, we need not be surprised if they satirised one another. In a poem of the thirteenth century, entitled "*Les deux troveors ribauz*," two minstrels are introduced on the stage abusing and insulting one another, and while indulging in mutual accusations of ignorance in their art, they display their ignorance at the same time by misquoting the titles of the poems which they profess to be able to recite. One of them boasts of the variety of instruments on which he could perform.

"Je suis jugleres de viele
Si sai de muse et de frestele,
Et de harpes et de chifonie,
De la gigue, de l armonie,
De l'salteire, et en la rote
Sai-ge bien chanter une note."

It appears, however, that among all these instruments the viol, or fiddle, was the one most generally in use.

The mediæval monuments of Art abound with burlesques and satires on the minstrels, whose instruments of music are placed in the hands sometimes of monsters, and at others in those of animals of a not very refined character. Our first example is taken from a manuscript in the

Fig. 1.—A CHARMING FIDDLER.

British Museum (MS. Cotton, Domitian A. II.), and represents a female minstrel playing on the fiddle; she has the upper part of a lady, and the lower parts of a mare, a combination which appears to have been rather familiar to the imagination of the mediæval artists. In our second cut, which is taken from a copy made by Carter of one of the miscreres in Ely Cathedral, it is not quite clear whether the performer on the fiddle be a monster or merely a cripple; but perhaps the latter was intended. Our cut No. 3, also taken from Carter, was furnished by a sculpture in the church of St. John, at Cirencester, and represents a man playing on an instrument rather closely resembling the modern hurdy-gurdy, which is evidently played by turning a handle, and the music is produced by striking wires or strings inside. The face is

Fig. 2.—A CRIPPLED MINSTREL.

Fig. 3.—THE HURDY-GURDY.

evidently intended to be that of a jovial companion.

Gluttony was an especial characteristic of that class of society to which the minstrel belonged,

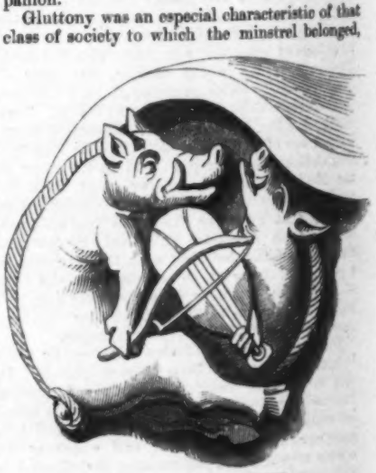


Fig. 4.—A SWINISH MINSTREL.

and, perhaps, this was the idea intended to be conveyed in the next picture (No. 4), taken from one of the stalls in Winchester Cathedral, in which a pig is performing on the fiddle, and

appears to be accompanied by a juvenile of the same species of animal. One of the same stalls, copied in our cut No. 5, represents a sow performing on another sort of musical instrument, which is not at all uncommon in mediæval delineations. It is the double pipe, or flute, which was evidently borrowed from the ancients. Minstrelsy was the usual accompaniment of the mediæval meal, and perhaps this picture is intended to be a burlesque on that circumstance, as the mother is playing to her brood while they are feeding. They all seem to listen quietly, except one, who is evidently much more affected by the music than his companions. The same

Fig. 5.—A MUSICAL MOTHER.

instrument is placed in the hands of a rather jolly looking female in one of the sculptures of St. John's Church, in Cirencester, copied in our cut No. 6.

Although this instrument is rather frequently represented in mediæval works of Art, we have no account of or allusion to it in mediæval writers, and perhaps it was not held in very high estimation, and was used only by a low class of performers. As in many other things, the employment of particular musical instruments was guided, no doubt, by fashion, new ones coming in as old ones went out. Such was the case with

Fig. 6.—THE DOUBLE FLUTE.

the instrument which is named in one of the above extracts, and in some other mediæval writers, a *chiffonie*, and which has been supposed to be the dulcimer, that had fallen into discredit in the fourteenth century. This instrument is introduced in a story which is found in Cuvelier's metrical history of the celebrated warrior Bertrand du Guesclin. In the course of the war for the expulsion of Pedro the Cruel from the throne of Castile, an English knight, Sir Matthew Gournay, was sent as a special ambassador to the Court of Portugal. The Portuguese monarch had in his service two minstrels whose performances he vaunted greatly, and on whom he set great store, and he insisted on their performing in the presence of the new ambassador. It turned out that they played on the instrument just mentioned, and Sir Matthew Gournay could not refrain from laughing at the performance. When the king pressed him to give his opinion, he said, with more regard for truth than politeness, "In France and Normandy, the instruments your minstrels play upon are regarded with contempt, and are only in use among beggars and blind people, so that they are popularly called beggar's instruments." The king, we are told, took great offence at the bluntness of his English guest.

The fiddle itself appears at this time to have been gradually sinking in credit, and the poets complained that a degraded taste for more vulgar musical instruments was introducing itself. Among these we may mention especially the pipe and tabor. The French antiquary, M. Jubinal, in a very nice collection of early popular poetry, published under the title of "*Jongleurs et Trouvères*," has printed a curious poem of the thirteenth or fourteenth century, intended as a protest against the use of the tabor and the bagpipes, which he characterises as properly the musical instruments of the peasantry. Yet people then, he says, were becoming so besotted on such instruments, that they introduced them in places where better minstrelsy would be more suitable. The writer thinks that the introducing of so vulgar an instrument as the tabor into grand festivals could be looked upon in no other light than as one of the signs which might be expected to be the precursors of the coming of

Fig. 7.—THE TABOR, OR DRUM.

Antichrist. "If such people are to come to grand festivals as carry a bushel [*i.e.* a tabor made in the form of a bushel measure, on the end of which they beat], and make such a terrible noise, it would seem that Antichrist must now be being born; people ought to break the head of each of them with a staff."

"Déussent itiels genz venir á bele feste
Qui portent un boissel, qui mainent tel tempeste,
Il samble que Antecrist doie maintenant nestre;
L'en duroit d'un baston chascun brisier la teste."

This satirist adds, as a proof of the contempt in which the Virgin Mary held such instruments, that she never loved a tabor, or consented to hear one, and that no tabor was introduced among the minstrelsy at her espousals. "The gentle mother of God," he says, "loved the sound of the fiddle;" and he goes on to prove her partiality for that instrument by citing some of her miracles.

"Onques le mère Dieu, qui est virge honorée,
Et est avoec les Angles hautement coronée,
N'ama onques tabour, ne point ne li agrée,
N'onques tabour n'i ot quant el fu espousée.
La douce mère Dieu ama son de viele."

The artist who carved the curious stalls in Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster, seems to have entered fully into the spirit displayed by this satirist, for in one of them, represented in our cut No. 7, he has introduced a masked demon playing on the tabor, with an expression apparently of derision. This tabor presents much the form of a bushel measure, or rather, perhaps, of a modern drum. It may be remarked that the drum is, in fact, the same instrument as the tabor, or, at least, is derived from it, and they were called by the same names, *tabor* or *tambour*. The English name *drum*, which has equivalents in the later forms of the Teutonic dialects, perhaps means simply something which makes a noise, and is not, as far as I know, met with before the sixteenth century. Another carving of the same series of stalls at Westminster, copied in our cut, No. 8, represents a tame bear playing on the bagpipes. This is perhaps intended to be at the same

Fig. 8.—BRUIN TURNED PIPER.

time a satire on the instrument itself, and upon the strange exhibitions of animals domesticated and taught various singular performances, which were then so popular.

In our last cut (No. 9), we come to the fiddle again, which long sustained its place in the highest rank of musical instruments. It is taken from one of the sculptures on the porch of the principal entrance to the Cathedral of Lyons, in France, and represents a mermaid with her child, listening to the music of the fiddle. She wears a crown, and is intended, no doubt, to be one of the queens of the sea, and the introduction

Fig. 9.—ROYAL MINSTRELSY.

of the fiddle under such circumstances can leave no doubt how highly it was esteemed.

While, however, after the fifteenth century the profession of the minstrel became entirely degraded, and he was looked upon more than ever as a rogue and vagabond, the fiddle accompanied him, and it long remained, as it still remains in Ireland, the favourite instrument of the peasantry. The blind fiddler, even at the present day, is not unknown in our rural districts. It has always been in England the favourite instrument of minstrelsy.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

HANNIBAL CROSSING THE ALPS.
Engraved by J. Cousen.

The longer we look at the pictures of Turner, especially in the way of comparing them with each other, the more we are impressed with the grandeur of his genius, and are astonished at the variety of ways in which it is manifested. Sometimes it revels among the architectural glories of the cities of Italy, and sometimes amid her luxuriant hills and valleys. At one time his pencil delineates the quaint, castellated ruins of the Rhenish provinces, and at another the majestic natural fortresses of an Alpine world. Sometimes it sheds a halo round the clustered columns and broken arches of a once noble edifice in our own land, and sometimes it lights up with the most brilliant colouring our winding rivers and verdant pastures. On land or sea, in sunshine or storm, from early dawn to closing day, he studied the book of nature, and stored his mind with the most gorgeous imaginings that eye could investigate, or thought conceive, or hand note down; nothing seemed beyond his grasp, nor anything too lofty or difficult for his daring to strive after and accomplish.

There is a wonderful realisation of this in his picture of 'Hannibal crossing the Alps,' a purely imaginary scene, though he doubtless borrowed some of the mountainous forms introduced from the region of the Alps. It was exhibited at the Academy in 1812, and the title, as was the case with many more of his works, was accompanied in the catalogue by a quotation from his mythical manuscript poem, "The Fallacies of Hope."

> "Craft, treachery, and fraud—Salassian force
> Hung on the fainting rear! then Plunder seized
> The victor and the captive,—Saguntum's spoil
> Alike became their prey: still the chief advanced,
> Look'd on the sun with hope, low, broad, and wan:
> While the fierce archer of the downward year
> Stains Italy's blanch'd barrier with storms.
> In vain each pass, ensanguined deep with dead,
> Or rocky fragments wild destruction roll'd;
> Still on Campania's fertile plains he thought,
> But the loud breeze sooth'd—'Capua's joys beware!'"

How far these lines interpret the composition, or how far the picture is an illustration of the *poetry*, may be safely left to those who will compare the one with the other.

But as to the picture itself: here is poetry as grand as any description of a war of elements written with pen. Turner called it a snow-storm, but it might almost stand for the bursting forth of the deluge, when the "windows of heaven were opened, and the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth, and all the high hills that were under the whole heaven were covered." There is little appearance of snow as we are accustomed to see it fall even in the depth of winter; but there is a commingling, so far as the darkness permits anything above to be perceptible, of rain, snow, and sleet, driven by a hurricane of wind into forms of fantastic shape, as if a strong tornado had lifted up a mass of water, and fragments of ice, and loose stones from the earth, and was hurling them back again with the wildest fury over the hosts of men and the rugged mountain tops. Behind that arch-like veil of liquid clouds the sickly sun is struggling out, casting a lurid and unnatural light over the distant valley and the Carthaginian legions, who have not only to face the violence of the storm, but have also to defend themselves from the attacks of their enemies, who are carrying on a sort of guerrilla warfare in the rocky defile into which Hannibal has led his decimated but hitherto invincible troops. In the foreground to the left, straggling parties of the Allobroges—the barbarian natives of this mountain district, known as the Graian Alps, where the Little St. Bernard is situated—are plundering the dead and wounded Carthaginians, while others are loosening huge fragments of stone and rolling them down into the gorge upon the invaders.

The subject, and the treatment of it throughout, form one of those daring essays of Art which none but Turner would have attempted, and no other painter could have hoped to realise. The picture is in the National Gallery, but looking very different in colour from what it must have done half a century ago.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "The Art-Journal."

THE PINACOTHEK AT MUNICH.

Sir,—Having been lately in Munich, I was somewhat gratified by reading an article in the August number of the *Art-Journal*, containing much deserved censure on the state of the Pinacothek there, because I feel in some measure relieved as regards my own indignation at the condition of that collection of pictures, which, though much overrated, is doubtless a valuable one. I do not believe the case to be in any way overstated. There may be some difference of opinion as regards the works of Paolo Uccello and Giotto—the National Gallery certainly possessing genuine works by both masters; there are others elsewhere, and more by Giotto than by Uccello.

But as to the disgraceful state of the great Munich Gallery of paintings by the old masters, your correspondent gives no doubt a true picture. It abounds with third-rate, or comparatively worthless pictures—many are misnamed, and some of the misnomers are simply ridiculous. Still, though long much overrated, the collection contains many fine works; as, for example, a magnificent early Raphael, the 'Holy Family' (No. 534), sometimes called the 'Pyramid;' a Perugino, 'The Virgin and St. Bernard' (No. 557); a Lorenzo Lotto; a Francia (No. 575); Giorgione's own portrait, by himself; a Titian or two, a Paul Veronese, and a few other valuable Italian pictures; a vast accumulation of Rubenses of different degrees of excellence; some fine Vandykes; a Snyders or two; several capital Vanderwerffs, and fine specimens of Jordans, De Crayer, Weenix, Rembrandt, and a few others; some Murillos; the beautiful Memling (No. 63), in the fourth cabinet; a few good early German pictures and portraits, and some excellent examples of the school of Cologne; but not one genuine Van Eyck.

The above are all the really prominent pictures in the collection, and are a high class of examples of the masters. But the majority of the collection, if not bad, are at least indifferent, not excepting even the Albert Dürers, which bear no comparison with those at Vienna, in the Belvedere Gallery; Dürer's well-known portrait in the Munich collection is sufficiently laboured, but is painted without taste, and is ill drawn.

The mildew spoken of I did not observe, but nearly all the pictures have a dull neglected aspect: the rooms are comparatively dark, so much so, that except in the cabinets, one cannot see the inscriptions well enough to read them. The skylights are small and very high, and the glass has nearly all turned purple; when one adds to this a very dirty blind, which is drawn across, below each skylight, it is not difficult to imagine the darkness that reigns fifty feet or so below. Then as to the hanging, its "imbecility" is certainly wonderful; pictures were perhaps never worse hung; they are arranged so as to cover the walls uniformly at certain symmetrical intervals. The bottom of the lowest frames is about five feet from the ground, so that no picture can be well seen close, or properly copied as it hangs, except those of large size—indeed, only the large pictures can be fairly seen at all in the saloons or large rooms. The so-called cabinets are small rooms by the side of the large ones, and in these the lower pictures are necessarily near the eye. Even an opera-glass would help but little in the saloons, as they are not sufficiently lighted to admit of the pictures being thoroughly seen; a picture even twenty feet from the ground might be seen in a good light, but the upper parts of some of the pictures are nearly thirty feet from the floor in this monumental gallery of Munich. The paintings are wholly accessory to the architecture, and it is evident that an architect, or at least an architectural sentiment, has completely controlled the hanging. The state of the floor itself is something astounding: King Ludwig would not have wood, and an imitation marble was made of gravel and plaster. The polished plaster is now worn away, and the very gravel is in parts kicked up, exposing large holes in the gangways, deep enough to cause people to stumble. To other defects is added that of removing pictures from the gallery when they are desired to be copied, for they cannot be copied as they hang, from the wretched architectural principle of the hanging; and the consequence is that hundreds of visitors are deprived of seeing many of the best works of the collection, which are locked away for weeks in private rooms below.

The catalogue is worthy of the arrangement of the pictures—it is certainly one of the worst in Europe: it has no index, and there are interesting signatures on many of the works, of which no notice whatever is taken. It is difficult even to use this catalogue, as, except on the uppermost line of pictures, the numbers are so small that you cannot make them out without approaching close up to the pictures, which involves a constant walking backwards and forwards; and there is no other help given but these unfit numbers on the frames—no subjects—no names. The catalogue may be easily mended; not so the arrangement, without beginning *de novo*; but the building itself is altogether unfit for a picture gallery, with its present system of lighting—it requires a new roof to be constructed on another principle, and it wants a heating apparatus in the floors.

August, 1863. A Visitor.

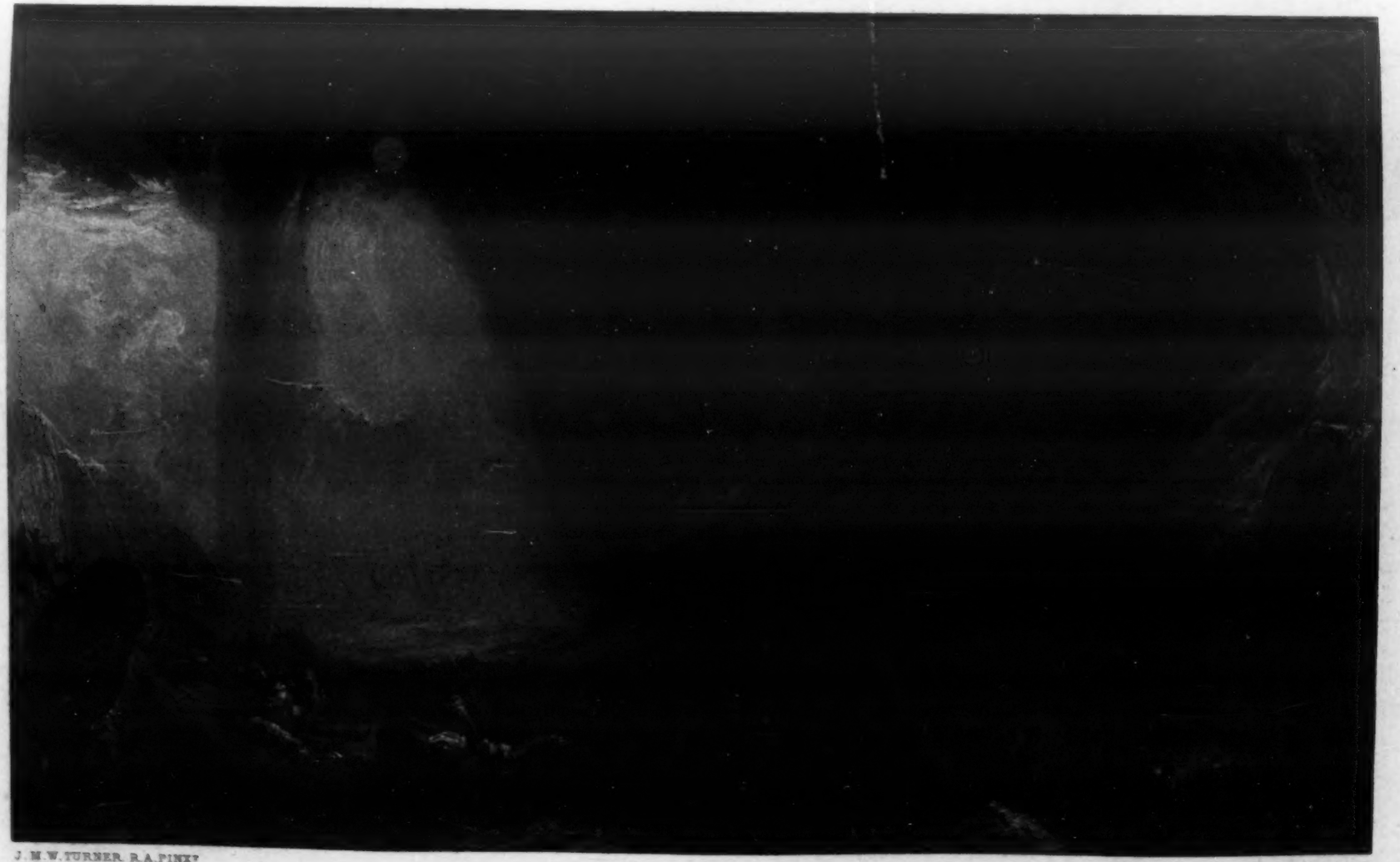
THE EMPEROR ON THE PALATINE.

In the course of the penultimate past year, while Italy still writhed in her throes of revolution or regeneration, it came upon the world with surprise, that the victor of Magenta and Solferino had made his own, by the peaceable process of purchase, and from the dethroned King of the Two Sicilies, a spot of ground on the Palatine Hill of Rome, to which the chronicles of both ancient and modern times had lent a rich, duplicate interest. We all know how, by a word or a wink, his Imperial Majesty has had transferred to him Nice and Savoy; but for this spot, commonly known as the Farnese Gardens, he would seem to have had a special yearning, as though he had said unto himself, "*Ille angulus ridet mihi prater omnes*," and so, in the downright way of barter and sale, he sends his privy purse into the field and makes the lot his own; through the medium of a *quid pro quo*, in cash.

A glance back through some records of the archæologists and travellers, but more particularly a late animated description and discussion of M. Felix Deriece, enables us to offer our readers a condensed and, peradventure, not unwelcome notice of the locality in question; for, to all who have visited or read but moderately of Rome, this spot, so consecrated by varied reminiscences, must have been of especial mark. It will not be unsatisfactory to them to have their past impressions revived; while, to the wider range of others, to whom the subject may be comparatively new, a few notes and queries touching the sources of the Emperor Napoleon III.'s interest in this Palatine property, may not seem *mal-apropos*.

Of the seven hills on which Rome has stood, the Palatine is first in historic interest. It was its cradle—it became its throne. Here Romulus and his brother were suckled, says the legend, by the self-same wolf, and here the former planted that tree of mighty rule, which was destined to overshadow half the world with its umbrage. Here Augustus dwelt in modest state, and here the fantastic monster, Nero, accommodated himself with an enlarged palace, under which a legion might have lodged, and with room to spare. To these topics we shall return, but proceed now to note, how, after the glories of the Palatine had been utterly crushed into ruin by the hordes of Alaric, and by Genseric's Vandals, and after it had so lain for centuries of neglect, its old prestige of renown was reanimated by a cardinal and pope, and under the auspices of his family name, the Farnese.

This remarkable man was the Cardinal Alexander Farnese, who, in the year 1534, received the tiara under the title of Paul III. Becoming possessor of this Palatine, he directed upon it all the talents of the celebrated Vignole, who erected, over the foundations of the palace of the Cæsars,



J. M. W. TURNER. R.A. PINXT

J. COUSEN. SCULPT

HANNIBAL CROSSING THE ALPS.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.

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Although the ominous voice of reformation was then heard muttering through Germany, Switzerland, England, and even France itself, it had not, as yet, interfered with the goodly dispensations which habitually awaited the families of the popes. Their temporal power infallibly established new princely lines, upon which honours and appanages were redundantly lavished. Paul III. offered no exception to this rule. He had a son named Louis, of ambiguous legitimacy—query whether born before his father had taken orders, and under the sanction of matrimony, or *vice versâ*—and upon him he bestowed the duchies of Parma and Placentia, and ultimately the Palatine. Through the progeny of this new Duke, whose merits and whose death by assassination are likened to those of Cæsar Borgia, the Farnese Gardens and villa descended, until, on failure of the male line with Duke Antonio, in 1731, they passed over to Elizabeth, the sister of the latter, and through her, who was second wife to Philip V. of Spain, to that branch of the Bourbons.

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At a later period, Servius Tullius combined these three primitive cantonments into a single city, by means of an encircling wall. Rome then comprised four civic tribes, and to the fourth the Palatine gave its name. This was divided into two distinct quarters, each having its own sacred hill, its consecrated wood and altar—Germalus to the north, and Velia to the south-east.

Now the Farnese Gardens, with which we have to do, lie pretty nearly within the perimeter of this old Germalus district. Here, the wicker cradle of the two foundlings and founders of the future kingdom, republic, and empire, was drifted ashore by the flooded Tiber. That especial spot was situated towards the northern angle of the gardens, behind the position of the Comitium, and immediately under the Palatine. Here had long been seen, dedicated, as it were, to historic superstition, the fig-tree under which had been checked as it floated the frail cradle that garnered in its freight the future Rome and its fortunes; here the reed-constructed cot of the shepherd Faustulus, by whom the wee bark was rescued; and here, too, the bronze statue of the she-wolf giving nurture to her adopted foundlings. The fig-tree continued in existence up to the days of Nero, and the cot, jealously guarded, fell only with paganism itself. As to the wolf, even under the most fervid reaction of the new creed, no hand could be found daring enough to destroy it. By a sort of assimilative proceeding, not uncommon in those times, it obtained a place in the Church of St. Theodore—a *quondam* temple of Romulus. It has since found its way into the museum of the Capitol.

Historic reminiscences of interest are further awakened at this spot. The Lupercal presents an angular apex to two streets—that of the new road and the Strada di Scaurus. Following the latter, the Velia hill is mounted, and is found to range above the Arch of Constantine and the Coliseum. On entering its quarter, the first house that one might have met, to the right, is that of the arch-conspirator, Lucius Sergius Catiline. There, that worthy brought into conclave his chief accomplices, on a certain memorable night, and bound them by all the rites that such villanous combination affected to revere.

Further on, another street conducted, of old, to the Temple of Juno Vireplaca—in other, and good English words, the "Man-appeasing Juno." This most laudable ecclesiastical institution had a diametrically opposite purpose from that aimed at in a certain court, over which the late Sir Cresswell Cresswell presided. Reconciliation, and not separation, was its object. Like the French Court or Council of Prud'hommes in commercial entanglements, it aimed at effecting equitable adjustments of domestic fracas, by what might be styled a family palaver, under the sanctioning

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When Rome, at its earliest day, was sustained by three tribes—the Latin, the Sabine, and the Etruscan, each of which had its distinct defences, the first-named—the Latin or Rhammes—was located on the Palatine. This was the square Rome of Romulus.

At a later period, Servius Tullius combined these three primitive cantonments into a single city, by means of an encircling wall. Rome then comprised four civic tribes, and to the fourth the Palatine gave its name. This was divided into two distinct quarters, each having its own sacred hill, its consecrated wood and altar—Germalus to the north, and Velia to the south-east.

Now the Farnese Gardens, with which we have to do, lie pretty nearly within the perimeter of this old Germalus district. Here, the wicker cradle of the two foundlings and founders of the future kingdom, republic, and empire, was drifted ashore by the flooded Tiber. That especial spot was situated towards the northern angle of the gardens, behind the position of the Comitium, and immediately under the Palatine. Here had long been seen, dedicated, as it were, to historic superstition, the fig-tree under which had been checked as it floated the frail cradle that garnered in its freight the future Rome and its fortunes; here the reed-constructed cot of the shepherd Faustulus, by whom the wee bark was rescued; and here, too, the bronze statue of the she-wolf giving nurture to her adopted foundlings. The fig-tree continued in existence up to the days of Nero, and the cot, jealously guarded, fell only with paganism itself. As to the wolf, even under the most fervid reaction of the new creed, no hand could be found daring enough to destroy it. By a sort of assimilative proceeding, not uncommon in those times, it obtained a place in the Church of St. Theodore—a *quondam* temple of Romulus. It has since found its way into the museum of the Capitol.

Historic reminiscences of interest are further awakened at this spot. The Lupercal presents an angular apex to two streets—that of the new road and the Strada di Scaurus. Following the latter, the Velia hill is mounted, and is found to range above the Arch of Constantine and the Coliseum. On entering its quarter, the first house that one might have met, to the right, is that of the arch-conspirator, Lucius Sergius Catiline. There, that worthy brought into conclave his chief accomplices, on a certain memorable night, and bound them by all the rites that such villanous combination affected to revere.

Further on, another street conducted, of old, to the Temple of Juno Vireplaca—in other, and good English words, the "Man-appeasing Juno." This most laudable ecclesiastical institution had a diametrically opposite purpose from that aimed at in a certain court, over which the late Sir Cresswell Cresswell presided. Reconciliation, and not separation, was its object. Like the French Court or Council of Prud'hommes in commercial entanglements, it aimed at effecting equitable adjustments of domestic fracas, by what might be styled a family palaver, under the sanctioning

tutelage of the Queen of Olympus. Thus a breeze having swelled into a storm between a married pair, the relatives, on both sides, came together to compare and compound, if possible, the grievances in the case. Should they succeed, the two plaintiffs proceeded to this Temple of the Man-appeasing Juno. There they interchanged the formalities of reconciliation, and thence (admirable custom!) proceeded to seal a new league and covenant of good behaviour over a pretty feast of forgiveness. Whether at the bottom of the loving cup then drained, the jewel of permanent contentment or the dregs of disappointment were for the most part found, the muse has not recorded, and we must leave our readers, gentle or simple, to come to their own conclusions of the proximate probabilities of the matter.

A tradition of Paris tells that, in the middle ages, a somewhat similar consecrated refuge for discordant spouses existed on the heights of Montmartre. It was a little Christian chapel, and a saint, Rabboni, was its good genius—its harmonious blacksmith, who welded together links of the domestic chain, that had been fortuitously or inconsiderately broken.

To return to the Strada Scaurus—on pursuing its line, we arrive at no less a residence than that of Cicero. The vestibule of this villa came upon the left side of the street, while its opposite *façade*—the *Posticum*—looked out upon the Temple of Jupiter Stator and the distant surging sides of the Cœlian, the Esquiline, and the Viminal hills. "My house," said the immortal orator, "stands within view of the whole city." It was, indeed, esteemed the most attractive dwelling place in Rome, not alone on account of its position and the valuable columns of Greek marble which embellished its portico, but for its being shaded by three rare plane trees, unequalled alike for their age and their beauty.

After the fall of its unfortunate master, it was eagerly purchased by a senator, a man noted for a very insanity of patrician *morgue*, for pride of place, and speciality of caste. He worshipped the memory of Cicero, as that of one of the lesser gods. He accordingly bought his house; and then won the service of his freed man, Tiron. His bureau and his bed he acquired, with a profuse outpouring of gold; and, to crown all, he married that wife of Cicero, Terentia, who had been such a blister on the side of her illustrious spouse, that he—not troubling the temple of Juno, the man-appeasing—fairly repudiated her, after the custom of Rome in matters of the kind. Could the force of flunkeydom farther go?

Let us now direct our attention to that quarter of the Palatine, which slopes down in the direction of the great circus. Here stood the modest residence of Cneius Octavius, one of Cæsar's nephews. It so happened that on the memorable occasion of the senate's meeting to determine on bringing to trial the accomplices of Catiline, this Cneius Octavius was late in taking his seat. He excused himself on the delicate plea, that the accouchment of his wife, Attia, had just occurred. "Is it a son?" asked the celebrated augur, Nigidius.—"Yes," replied Octavius. "He will be the world's master," added Nigidius. And so it turned out—this then born infant was the future Augustus.

The house of Octavius stood between the southern wall of the Farnese Garden and the church, now existent, of St. Anastasius. When in the hands of Augustus, it was burned down, and by him rebuilt in its previous unpretending style. After his victory at Actium, he annexed a temple to Apollo—thence surnamed the Palatine—together with a portico and library. These latter structures occupied that part of the Farnese Gardens which overlooks the spot where, as some of our readers who have visited Rome may bear in mind, the Strada Fenile, and the Strada San-Giorgio-in-Velabro meet. Eustace, in sketching his panoramic view from the Capitol, thus brings in this scene:—"Immediately under our eyes, and at the foot of the Capitol, lay the Forum, lined with solitary columns, and terminated at each end by a triumphal arch. Beyond, and just before us, rose the Palatine Mount, encumbered with the substructions of the Imperial Palace, and of the Temple of Apollo."

Upon the whole, Augustus did little to embellish the Palatine, and it shared but indifferently in his boast of having found Rome a city of brick, and having left it a city of marble—a boast, by the way, which is considered to have been only justly applicable to purely public edifices, and not to the private houses of the people, which continued to be after his death, what they had been before his birth, of wood.

At this epoch may be said to have commenced the special development of that imperial embellishment of the Palatine, in architecture and all its accessories, that, notwithstanding the ordeal of destruction through which it has been doomed to pass, still renders it an object of such interest as to have led to its recent purchase by Louis Napoleon.

After Augustus came Tiberius, who affected nothing of the modesty or moderation, which marked his predecessor's domestic arrangements. He found himself "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in the house transmitted to him, and built, adjoining it, another more spacious, with an accompanying library. The three antique chambers attached to the Villa Mills, so curious and so well preserved, which were discovered in 1777, constituted, it is probable, a portion of the *rez-de-chaussée* of the Tiberian structure. Near at hand the new emperor had also constructed a guard-house for the Pretorians, who attended on his person. The remains of these structures must be delved for in the Farnese Gardens, to the south-west of the existent casino, hard by the wall which separates the two villas. From his new residence Tiberius was enabled, by means of a transverse piazza, to cross to a vast balcony which overlooked the Great Circus. This latter was brought to light in 1777, and, whether well or ill done, it has been restored.

For the most part it was the habit of the emperors to have their banquets laid out on this balcony, while the procession, coming from the Capitol, wound round the *spina*. Enjoying their dessert, they would wave their napkins in the air, and give the signal for the games to commence by flinging them into the arena. Presently, when this occurred, the acclaim of a mighty multitude of spectators announced that the chain of the *carceres* had fallen, and that the horses, by which the races were to be contested, had burst into view.

What an uproar! what stamping of feet, on the "*pedibus ire in sententiam*" maxim; what a conflicting tumult then exploded on all sides, round those chariots, with their drivers in green, in red, in yellow, or in white livery, as each was hailed and cheered by its popular faction. Who could imagine such scenes to have once occurred upon the now desolate and melancholy Murcian valley?

Tiberius died at Capri, smothered by certain senators between two beds, while he lay drunk at their mercy. After him came Caligula, a monster of bestiality and cruelty. Silly Claudius succeeded, with not only pretensions to be an historian, a philosopher, and an orator, but to be favoured by *tête-à-tête* interviews with Jupiter Capitolinus. For the greater convenience of the latter proceeding, to himself and the cloud-compelling Zeus, he had a piazza carried along that side of the Palatine which overlooks the Forum, and a bridge erected above the latter. His worthy spouse, was the immaculate Messalina. He, however, permitted her murder by his devoted freedmen, and then took to his bosom the avenging Agrippina, who made an end of him with retributive poison.

His successor was a fool of another kind, Nero. This was, in every sense, the most extravagant Roman of them all. To cut antics upon the edge of the impossible, was ever the delirium of his ambition. In destruction and construction he was unique. He commenced his proceedings in the former line by levelling the sacred piazza and pontine pathway of Claudius; and then, after having subjected the dwellings of both Augustus and Tiberius to a monstrous metamorphosis, covered the entire Palatine with palatial structures of enormous magnitude. The conglomerate was designated the Gilded House of Nero. The *débris* of this constitutes the mine into which his majesty of France means now to drive his adits.

This palace, upon but a portion of which, the Farnese Gardens have found a place, united an infinite series of courts, halls, chambers, and interior peristyles, on which marble, ivory, and gold glowed or glistened. Its banquet halls were surrounded by galleries, from which flowers and perfumes were profusely showered on the reclining guests below. It might almost have seemed that the world's rarest riches of columns, statues, tapestry, and Art-created vessels had been brought together in this miniature mountain.

Three ranges of piazzas expanded on the exterior of the palace, upon a perimeter of a thousand paces. They were illustrated by 3,000 columns and 160 statues, pillaged from the Delphic temples. Such were the proportions of the vestibule, which opened on the side of the sacred way (the *via sacra*), as to require, as a matter of harmony, that the colossal statue of the divine Nero himself should tower up 120 feet in altitude. He had been chiseled forth by the sculptor Zenodorus, with the aspect and attributes of Apollo. History tells us that architects named Severus and Celer gave existence to this prodigious erection, while the painter Amulius devoted his whole life to its decoration. As for its precious lord and master, when he got settled in it, he contented himself with the cool remark, that at length he was pretty nearly lodged as a man should be; but, nevertheless, he was not doomed to live sufficiently long to see his gilded mansion in a state of completion.

In the sixty-fourth year of the Christian era, exploded that volcanic conflagration which devoured three-fourths of Rome, and which, in history, has left its ominous glare over the reign of Nero. The suspicion rests upon him of having lit it; and the traditional portrait presents him gloating over it from his Vatican gardens, and saluting the spectacle with a ranting of verses on the fall of Troy. That he was capable of the worst atrocities thus imputed to him, there can be no doubt. After the disaster of the fire, and its effective demolitions, he, at all events, set himself to restore the capital of the universe with a magnificence to consist with that title, and, above all things, to convert a segment of the ruins into a garden worthy of his own demi-divinity. He characteristically proceeded in the undertaking with the boldness of one who set all opinion at defiance. Within the recognisable bounds of the *ponarium*—time-consecrated land of the tribes—he commanded a species of palace city to arise, surrounded by a park of scarce less than 200 acres.

"We have seen," states Pliny, "a second enclosure of walls rise up within Rome itself—that which bounded the residences of the princes Caius and Nero." This was somewhat after the manner of a Tartar imperial town within a Chinese city. In a word, this monstrous maze, in its inordinate all-embracing plan, was extended out irregularly through so great a space of the whole city, that, from its interruption of numerous lines of transit, it became an intolerable public nuisance. And after all, it was scarcely occupied by the imperial ruffian who bid it rise into existence, or by his worthy successors Galba, Otho, and Vitellius. Then came the great Vespasian; and he, appreciating at its due worth this prodigiously absurd fantasy, commanded all of its works extending along the Cœlian Esquiline and Viminal hills to be severed from the future imperial residence and domain. The latter were thenceforth to be circumscribed by the bounds of that hill of which the supposed richest portion, as a reliquary of antique treasures, is that lately acquired by the Emperor of the French—the Palatine.

After the accession of Constantine and the establishment of Christianity, Rome, continuing, as it did, obstinately pagan, became distasteful to the emperors. It was abandoned for Constantinople, Nicea, Antioch, and Thessalonica, by those of the east; for Milan, Ravenna, Lyons, or Treves, by those of the west.

But Rome, the Roman people, when all were *trastevirini*, still watched over these proud adornments with parental zeal; the old she-wolf was jealous of the reminiscences of her offspring. Above all was she devoted to the immemorial *prestige* of her Palatine and Capitoline quarters, the cradle, as it were, of her Latin race. This stubborn sentiment was too powerful even for fresh religious fervour; and notwithstanding the iconoclastic impulses of the early Christians,

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BURSLEM.—The foundation stone of the Wedgwood Institute will, it is expected, be laid on the 20th of the present month by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Department of Science and Art has granted a sum of £500 in aid of the building fund. By whom is this grant authorised? By "my lords," or their director, Mr. Henry Cole?

COVENTRY.—The new School of Art recently erected in this place will shortly be opened. The edifice is of an ornamental character, and in niches in the front are life-size figures typifying respectively Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Engineering, and Pottery. Over each figure is a bust of a distinguished representative of these arts: Raffaelle, of painting; Michael Angelo, of sculpture; Giotto, of architecture; Watt, of engineering; and Palissy, of pottery. These sculptures are the work of Mr. Boulton, of Worcester.

HALIFAX.—Mr. Marshall Wood has received a commission from the mayor of this town to execute marble busts of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, to be placed in the new Town Hall, in commemoration of the recent royal visit.

LEAMINGTON.—Our Nonconformist brethren are, we are well pleased to find, adopting more liberal notions with respect to the style of their places of worship than their forefathers did. Many of their chapels of various denominations, recently erected, vie, in point of architectural elegance, with modern churches, both externally and internally, having lofty spires or towers, richly decorated, pillared arches, and all the other components of Gothic ecclesiastical buildings. The latest innovation on the ugliness and barrenness of the old Puritan edifices we have heard of is in the Baptist chapel at Leamington, where three stained-glass memorial windows have been introduced: they are the gift of Miss M. Pilkington, of that town, in memory of her deceased sister, and respectively represent 'The Ascension,' 'The Good Shepherd,' and 'The Return of the Prodigal.' Verily, we may almost expect the ghosts of Bunyan, Baxter, Fuller, and a hundred other worthy divines of the Nonconformist creeds to rise up and protest against such heterodox practices.

HULL.—The last Art-exhibition held here was found to answer so well that a second is projected, to be opened early in February next. An Art-union, sanctioned by the Board of Trade, has been formed in connection with the exhibition.

NOTTINGHAM.—The foundation stone of the new School of Art in this town was laid, with due ceremony, by the Duke of Newcastle, on the 20th of August.

RAINHILL.—In the Roman Catholic chapel of St. Bartholomew in this little town, which is situated only a few miles from Liverpool, have been lately placed two statues from the studio of Signor Benzoni, in Rome: one represents the Virgin and Infant Christ, the other St. Joseph. The former work received the benediction of the Pope at the Vatican, where it remained for some time to afford the assembled cardinals who compose the papal consistory an opportunity of inspecting it. The statue of St. Joseph is modelled after one of the same subject in the possession of his Holiness.

TUGBY.—The inhabitants of the united parish of Tugby and East Norton, Leicestershire, have recently placed in the south aisle of their church a stained-glass window, designed and executed by Mr. Charles Gibbs, London, in memory of their late vicar, the Rev. George Ewing Winslow, who, during a period of twenty-seven years, laboured zealously to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of those committed to his charge. Rich and poor joined in subscribing to the memorial, which will permanently mark, and in the most appropriate manner and place, the affection and respect in which the vicar was held by his parishioners.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—Following the example of the neighbouring town of Reigate, the inhabitants recently issued by the Department of Science and Art, is the resignation of Mr. Kyd, the head master of the Worcester School of Art. The pupils propose presenting to him a testimonial.

THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA MINOR.

PERGAMOS.*

THE city of Pergamos is situated sixty-four miles N.N.W. of Smyrna, in one of the most fertile valleys in the world. It is one of the "Seven Churches" which still continues to flourish, and is reckoned the third in importance, Smyrna and Philadelphia being its superiors. The modern, like the ancient town, is located beside a river at the foot of a high overhanging hill, the ancient Capitol, on which stood the Acropolis. From the accompanying engraving a most correct idea may be gathered of the position which Pergamos occupies. The town covers the entire valley at the back of the extensive ruin which is seen in the foreground, and a few of the better houses, surrounded by their gardens, are perched upon the slopes of the Acropolis itself.

On referring to the map it will be observed that Pergamos is seated upon the mainland in Asia Minor, immediately behind the Island of Lesbos, and almost directly eastward of Mytilene. A considerable river, the Caicus, connects the city with the Mediterranean, at the Elaitic Gulf. The sea-board is distant from the town about twenty miles. To the fact that Pergamos is only twenty miles from the sea, and is seated upon a navigable river, we trace the explanation of its having continued to exist, when so many other and greater cities around it, not possessing the same geographical advantages, have perished. Although it is usual to say that Pergamos is situated upon the banks of the Caicus, such is not strictly the fact. It will be more accurate to state that two mountain streams running towards the Caicus, and having expanded into the dimension of small rivers, flow through Pergamos, emptying themselves into the Caicus at a short distance south of the city. These are known as the Selinus and the Cetius. The first, the Selinus, rolls its rushing waters through the heart of the city; the other, the Cetius, anciently washed its walls, and (as will be seen presently) flowed through the midst of the Amphitheatre. As the volume of water in the Selinus was sufficient to serve the purposes of craft of small burthen, it was competent for the merchants of Pergamos to lade and unlade the vessels employed in the coasting trade of the Mediterranean upon their own wharves. This has been the cause of the preservation of the city. Its origin was occasioned by a very different, but also geographical, fact. We may pass over the mythical birth of the place, which Pausanias attributes to Pergamus, the son of Phyrrhus and Andromache. He also informs us that the widow of Hector found in Pergamus, in its Acropolis and situation, a

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BIRMINGHAM.—The exhibition of the Society of Artists opened last month: in our next number we shall refer to it more particularly.

BRISTOL.—The annual meeting of the School of Art was held at the Academy on the 24th of August, under the presidency of Mr. P. W. S. Miles, who, in the course of his opening remarks, expressed the gratification it afforded him to know that the number of pupils had increased, and that the progress of the school was evinced in the number and quality of the drawings sent to South Kensington. The report, read by Mr. J. B. Atkinson, one of the honorary secretaries, stated that the difficulties under which the institution was labouring a year back had been materially lessened; the expenditure was brought within the income, and the accounts for the year ending March 31, showed a balance in the hands of the treasurer of more than £130. At the last annual examination the government inspector reported that the school was in a better condition as to discipline and the quality of the work done than on any previous occasion. This result the committee ascribed to the energy and ability of Mr. J. A. Hammersley, the head master. The distribution of prizes was made before the meeting separated.

BURSLEM.—The foundation stone of the Wedgwood Institute will, it is expected, be laid on the 20th of the present month by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Department of Science and Art has granted a sum of £500 in aid of the building fund. By whom is this grant authorised? By "my lords," or their director, Mr. Henry Cole?

COVENTRY.—The new School of Art recently erected in this place will shortly be opened. The edifice is of an ornamental character, and in niches in the front are life-size figures typifying respectively Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, Engineering, and Pottery. Over each figure is a bust of a distinguished representative of these arts: Raffaelle, of painting; Michael Angelo, of sculpture; Giotto, of architecture; Watt, of engineering; and Palissy, of pottery. These sculptures are the work of Mr. Boulton, of Worcester.

HALIFAX.—Mr. Marshall Wood has received a commission from the mayor of this town to execute marble busts of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, to be placed in the new Town Hall, in commemoration of the recent royal visit.

LEAMINGTON.—Our Nonconformist brethren are, we are well pleased to find, adopting more liberal notions with respect to the style of their places of worship than their forefathers did. Many of their chapels of various denominations, recently erected, vie, in point of architectural elegance, with modern churches, both externally and internally, having lofty spires or towers, richly decorated, pillared arches, and all the other components of Gothic ecclesiastical buildings. The latest innovation on the ugliness and barrenness of the old Puritan edifices we have heard of is in the Baptist chapel at Leamington, where three stained-glass memorial windows have been introduced: they are the gift of Miss M. Pilkington, of that town, in memory of her deceased sister, and respectively represent 'The Ascension,' 'The Good Shepherd,' and 'The Return of the Prodigal.' Verily, we may almost expect the ghosts of Bunyan, Baxter, Fuller, and a hundred other worthy divines of the Nonconformist creeds to rise up and protest against such heterodox practices.

HULL.—The last Art-exhibition held here was found to answer so well that a second is projected, to be opened early in February next. An Art-union, sanctioned by the Board of Trade, has been formed in connection with the exhibition.

NOTTINGHAM.—The foundation stone of the new School of Art in this town was laid, with due ceremony, by the Duke of Newcastle, on the 20th of August.

RAINHILL.—In the Roman Catholic chapel of St. Bartholomew in this little town, which is situated only a few miles from Liverpool, have been lately placed two statues from the studio of Signor Benzoni, in Rome: one represents the Virgin and Infant Christ, the other St. Joseph. The former work received the benediction of the Pope at the Vatican, where it remained for some time to afford the assembled cardinals who compose the papal consistory an opportunity of inspecting it. The statue of St. Joseph is modelled after one of the same subject in the possession of his Holiness.

TUGBY.—The inhabitants of the united parish of Tugby and East Norton, Leicestershire, have recently placed in the south aisle of their church a stained-glass window, designed and executed by Mr. Charles Gibbs, London, in memory of their late vicar, the Rev. George Ewing Winslow, who, during a period of twenty-seven years, laboured zealously to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of those committed to his charge. Rich and poor joined in subscribing to the memorial, which will permanently mark, and in the most appropriate manner and place, the affection and respect in which the vicar was held by his parishioners.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.—Following the example of the neighbouring town of Reigate, the inhabitants of Tunbridge Wells opened an exhibition of pictures and sculptures for a short time somewhat recently. More than two hundred works of Art, ancient and modern, were contributed by their respective owners in the surrounding locality.

WORCESTER.—Another result of the regulations recently issued by the Department of Science and Art, is the resignation of Mr. Kyd, the head master of the Worcester School of Art. The pupils propose presenting to him a testimonial.

THE SEVEN CHURCHES OF ASIA MINOR.

PERGAMOS.*

THE city of Pergamos is situated sixty-four miles N.N.W. of Smyrna, in one of the most fertile valleys in the world. It is one of the "Seven Churches" which still continues to flourish, and is reckoned the third in importance, Smyrna and Philadelphia being its superiors. The modern, like the ancient town, is located beside a river at the foot of a high overhanging hill, the ancient Capitol, on which stood the Acropolis. From the accompanying engraving a most correct idea may be gathered of the position which Pergamos occupies. The town covers the entire valley at the back of the extensive ruin which is seen in the foreground, and a few of the better houses, surrounded by their gardens, are perched upon the slopes of the Acropolis itself.

On referring to the map it will be observed that Pergamos is seated upon the mainland in Asia Minor, immediately behind the Island of Lesbos, and almost directly eastward of Mytilene. A considerable river, the Caicus, connects the city with the Mediterranean, at the Elaitic Gulf. The sea-board is distant from the town about twenty miles. To the fact that Pergamos is only twenty miles from the sea, and is seated upon a navigable river, we trace the explanation of its having continued to exist, when so many other and greater cities around it, not possessing the same geographical advantages, have perished. Although it is usual to say that Pergamos is situated upon the banks of the Caicus, such is not strictly the fact. It will be more accurate to state that two mountain streams running towards the Caicus, and having expanded into the dimension of small rivers, flow through Pergamos, emptying themselves into the Caicus at a short distance south of the city. These are known as the Selinus and the Cetius. The first, the Selinus, rolls its rushing waters through the heart of the city; the other, the Cetius, anciently washed its walls, and (as will be seen presently) flowed through the midst of the Amphitheatre. As the volume of water in the Selinus was sufficient to serve the purposes of craft of small burthen, it was competent for the merchants of Pergamos to lade and unlade the vessels employed in the coasting trade of the Mediterranean upon their own wharves. This has been the cause of the preservation of the city. Its origin was occasioned by a very different, but also geographical, fact. We may pass over the mythical birth of the place, which Pausanias attributes to Pergamus, the son of Phyrrhus and Andromache. He also informs us that the widow of Hector found in Pergamus, in its Acropolis and situation, a

* When speaking of the modern town, the name is always written Pergamos; when of the ancient, Pergamus.

souvenir of Troy, which attached her to the city. The first historical mention of Pergamus that we meet with, is in the Anabasis of Zenophon. From him we learn that the formidable position of the precipitous hill which overhangs the city attracted the attention of Lysimachus, who selected it as a safe locality for the deposition of his treasures. Having erected a citadel, and strongly fortified the hill, he converted this place into his treasury, and confided the guardianship of it to a eunuch named Philetaerus, of Tyane, in Cappadocia, a man whom Lysimachus raised from the position of an obscure subaltern, and who at length reached sovereign power and founded a dynasty. It was in consequence of the defeat of Antoninus at Ipsus, B.C. 301, that the north-west provinces of Asia Minor became united to the Thracian kingdom of Lysimachus, and the security of the position caused him to favour the growth of the city around the foot of the Capitol in which he had stored his riches.

In consequence of the intrigues of Arsinoes, wife of Lysimachus, Philetaerus had, or conceived he had, good reason to tremble for the continuation of his deputed power as lieutenant of the king. He assumed to be driven into rebellion, and forced to assert his independence. Having revolted against his king and patron, he joined himself to Seleucus, King of Syria, and upon the death of that sovereign, B.C. 280, Philetaerus founded the independent kingdom of Pergamus, though he refrained from taking to himself the name of king. This title was only assumed by the second in succession from him, King Attalus, after his great victory over the Gauls.

The following is a list of the sovereign rulers of the Pergamenean dynasty:—

Philetaerus	B.C. 280 to 262
Eumenes I.	„ 262 „ 241
Attalus I.	„ 241 „ 197
Eumenes II.	„ 197 „ 159
Attalus II. (Philadelphus)	„ 159 „ 138
Attalus III. (Philometer)	„ 138 „ 132

The kingdom of Pergamus attained its greatest extent after the defeat of Antiochus the Great by the Romans, who bestowed upon Eumenes II. the provinces of Mysia, Lydia, Pisidia, Pamphylia, and many others. In the reign of Eumenes we read of the greatest splendour of the city. It was by Eumenes that the celebrated library was founded which became the rival of that at Alexandria, and which was destined eventually to enrich the Alexandrine collection. It was also in the reign of Eumenes that the requirements of this library led to one of the most valuable discoveries that have subserved the purposes of literature—parchment, which was anciently known by the name "Charta Pergamenta," and which, in the corruption of the word Pergament-a into parchment, still reminds us of its place of original discovery and utility. It was the jealousy of Ptolemy that led to this most useful discovery. The collection of 200,000 volumes brought into active exercise the pens of all the copyists whose services the King of Pergamus could secure. In order to provide material for their transcriptions, extensive orders for papyrus had to be sent to Egypt, which aroused the attention of the protectionist traders of that country. The foundation of the library had been viewed with displeasure by the King of Egypt, and he was consequently ill-disposed to allow the material to be exported from his kingdom, which would provide the Pergameneans with the means of increasing their library, and without which, as the Egyptian monarch fallaciously argued, it would be impossible for the MSS. to be accumulated. A royal edict was issued, forbidding papyrus to be exported. In this, as in a multitude of similar cases, the short-sighted policy of the Egyptians was the direct means of supplying the Pergameneans with abundance of material for their transcriptions.

As with individuals so with nations, when forced into self-reliance, instead of depending upon others, either intellectual or national resources are discovered which would otherwise have remained neglected and uncultivated. It is astonishing to what a large extent the world is indebted, in the strength and greatness of its most illustrious men, and in the rapid development of national prosperity, to the operation of some apparent misfortune or disaster. The greatest blessings have thus continually sprung out of the seeming misfortune of people forced to rely upon themselves.

In India at the present moment we have a striking illustration of this truth. For a series of years England has nursed herself into the belief of her absolute dependence upon America for cotton. Closed ports having cut off from us the supply upon which thousands of our countrymen have depended for their daily bread, we have at length begun to realise the fact, that if we choose to cultivate our own Eastern empire, we can be totally independent of all foreign powers, and provide ourselves with as abundant a supply of cotton to stock our market, as the Pergameneans discovered they were able to supply themselves with abundance of material to serve the requirements of their national library, when the ports of Egypt were closed against the exportation of papyrus, upon which the authorities in Egypt fondly imagined they were totally dependent. The vexation or disaster which the Egyptian king imagined he was about to create for the people of Pergamus, not only proved the greatest benefit, but it has been beneficial to the whole civilised world. What would have become of ancient records but for the Charta Pergamenta? It is impossible for us to estimate the incalculable value which the tanners of Pergamus have conferred upon civilisation. Pursuing their trade of old time by the banks of the Selinus, as they still do, the want of papyrus raised the ingenuity of the citizens, and it was not long before the scraped and cleansed sheep-skin yielded them a material exactly suited to their civic necessity, and a material, moreover, which, after a lapse of just two thousand years since the days of Eumenes, has maintained its place in literature and Art as the most beautiful and most endurable substance on which to hand down from century to century the products of men's brains, or the facts which constitute the records of nations and histories, whether of public bodies or private families.

As it will not be necessary to refer again to the formation of the library by Eumenes, it may be as well to mention in this place its ulterior destiny and its final fate. The existence of this library attracted to Pergamus the learning of Asia Minor. The city became an eastern Athens, and in the pursuit of learning and of science it made Æsculapius the especial object of its idolatry. As a centre of learning it had its influence upon Christianity when first introduced within its walls, although many years previous to that date the celebrated library had been moved. When Augustus gave to Anthony his sister Octavia in marriage, there was a new division of the empire. All the provinces eastward of Illyricum as far as the Euphrates were allotted to Anthony. On returning to the East, Anthony became, for a second time, enslaved by the beauty of Cleopatra, to whom he seems to have been unable to deny anything. Among other gifts, he presented to her the Pergamenean library, which was forthwith removed to Alexandria, and served to replace the loss that the great library had only a few years previously sustained when a portion of it was burnt during the siege of Alexandria by Julius Cæsar. The utter destruction of this, the greatest library of the ancient world, is too sadly known to, and regretted by, all men of literature. Though it be popular to attribute this loss to the Saracens under the command of the Caliph Omar, there is too much reason to suspect that the story of Saracenic barbarity would better rest on the shoulders of the Christians of the fourth century, who, led by the Archbishop Theodosius, stormed the Serapium—Temple of Jupiter Serapis—and burnt the books deposited in that building. Whether the work of destruction was effected by fanatic Christians or by fanatic Musulmans, it will profit us little at this time to pause and discuss. Enough for us to know that the Alexandrine library utterly perished, and with it the treasures of the library of Pergamus. Whether the books served to warm the baths of Alexandria for six months, in the year of our Lord 642, or whether two centuries before a rabble of over-muscular Christians, headed by a fire-and-faggot prelate, cleared the shelves, and almost destroyed the whole body of ancient literature (without even making the books so useful as to warm baths with their burning leaves), is a matter which will only be discussed with interest by those who have a purpose in asserting that the Christian archbishop was a lamb, and the unbelieving Saracen an outer barbarian. If the historian Orosius is to be credited, the shelves of the spoliated library were cleared a couple of centuries before Caliph Omar adopted such an expensive method for obtaining a warm bath.

It will be observed in the above list of kings of the Pergamenean dynasty, that the race only existed for one hundred and fifty years, from B.C. 280 to B.C. 133. It terminated with the third Attalus, who bequeathed his kingdom to the Romans in one of the shortest wills that has ever been made under any circumstances, but a will that has become historically celebrated for its brevity in consideration of the vast territory and power which it carried with it from the testator to his heir. It ran as follows:—"Populus Romanus bonorum meorum heres esto." The Roman people, duly appreciating the gift, took possession of Pergamus. From that date the kingdom may be said to have been extinguished. Pergamus, nevertheless, continued to be the capital of the surrounding provinces; but even this dignity was destined to be snatched from it, and under the Byzantine kings, the capital having been removed to Ephesus, the city at once declined.

From what has been already stated regarding the rise of Pergamus under the favour of Lysimachus, it will be understood that the place was never regarded by him as a city but only as a treasury. Pergamus (or as it is now written "Pergamos") only rose into importance under the favour of the rebellious lieutenant of Lysimachus—Philetaerus. To its original patron, therefore, the history of Pergamus bears no testimony. Raised from a low position by Alexander the Great, and promoted to the dignity of a king, it has been his lot to be remembered in history chiefly on account of two incidents connected with brute creation. The preceptor of Alexander was Callisthenes, a pupil of Aristotle. To him Lysimachus became attached, and when the philosopher was about to suffer disgrace at the hands of his imperial master, Lysimachus had the courage to convey poison to him, and so enabled Callisthenes to rid himself of life. Alexander in his wrath ordered Lysimachus to be thrown to the lions, but the soldier was not prepared to die patiently. When the lion sprang upon him he thrust his hands into its mouth, and seizing its tongue, wrenched it out by the roots. Having vanquished the foe, Alexander was so pleased with the courage of his officer, that he immediately promoted him, and ever after bestowed upon him evidences of his high esteem. When Lysimachus met his death in his Asiatic war against Seleucus (who had given refuge to his rebel subject), it is narrated that his body, lost among the heaps of slain, was eventually discovered through the fidelity of a pet dog, that watched over the spot where his master had fallen.

This capital of the Attalian kings exhibits (as might be expected from the foregoing historical facts) remains both of Grecian and Roman architecture. The Grecian belongs to the period when the kings Attalus and Eumenes reigned; the Roman to the period of the Christian era, and the two or three centuries immediately succeeding. In the accompanying illustration, the view presented is as nearly as possible from south to north. It looks N.N.E., and happily presents to our observation the most striking remains of ancient Pergamus. The large ruin in the foreground is what is commonly called the Basilica, and is commonly, or rather vulgarly, regarded as the remains of the church of St. John (Αγιος Θεολογος), supposed to have been built by that Christian emperor, Theodosius, whose penance before St. Ambrose has furnished a subject, frequently reproduced, for the exercise of the pencil of some of the greatest ancient masters. Theodosius died at Milan A.D. 395, and to those familiar with that city his name will be recalled in connection with St. Ambrose, on visiting the church of St. Ambrogio, one of the most perfect and early of the Byzantine churches now existing, the glory and the pride of the Milanese. That

the so-called Basilica may have been converted into a Christian church, and may have been dedicated to St. John, is very probable, but that it was built by Theodosius is highly improbable. It is, or rather has been, a purely Corinthian structure, and so exactly accords with the plans of Vitruvius, that most probably it was originally erected by Eumenes or Attalus, and centuries later, when Christianity was established in the city, was converted into a Christian church. A glance at the engraving will show that the main structure of this remarkable pile of building is rectangular. Its measurement can only be given at a guess, from the impression made upon the eye. It is probably about 50 feet wide and 120 long. At the end of the building presented in the engraving, although the wall is considerably ruined, nevertheless the apsidal formation may be distinctly recognised. This semicircular apse, so exactly suited to contain the Αγια τράπεζα of a Greek church, has encouraged the members of that communion in the belief that the building was originally erected as a Christian church. It is easy to understand how eager the Asiatic Christians would be to encourage the belief that in Pergamus, so directly addressed by St. John, a building apparently well suited for ecclesiastical purposes should have been a church, and especially dedicated to the Apocalyptic Evangelist. Time has made the tradition venerable, and, undoubtedly, to the Christian traveller this so-called Basilica of Pergamos becomes clothed with veneration when he thinks that he therein contemplates a Christian shrine, erected by the great Theodosius to the memory of the apostle. Unfortunately, however, the moment any one conversant with architecture, and acquainted with the broad distinctions between the forms of early Christian churches and heathen structures, comes to criticise this still stupendous ruin, he has too good reason to regard the Greek tradition with suspicion, and to entertain the idea that the Basilica was erected at a date long prior to the Christian era. In order to give the reader an ocular evidence of what is meant, let him examine the engraving, and he will remark, east and west of the central block of building, that there are circular towers. These were originally connected with the central block. Assuming that the entire structure was Grecian, raised during the Pergamenean dynasty, there would be no difficulty in accounting for these "towers," which, in reality, appear to have been small temples or shrines. Internally they are about 40 feet in diameter, with a recess on one side, fitted to receive a statue. Rising to a considerable height, they are roofed with cupolas. It is almost unnecessary to state that no Christian church has ever been known, flanked east and west with such circular temples; and supposing that this building had really been erected as late as the days of Theodosius, we know by the example of the church of St. Ambrogio at Milan what would have been the general plan of a Christian church erected by him. It would have had to the west a quadrangular court, surrounded by a cloister (the origin of "cloisters" as appended to our modern cathedrals), in which catechumens would have collected to listen to the service within the church, prior to their baptism and right of admission into the sacred edifice. In the "Basilica" of Pergamos there is no such resemblance to the Byzantine or early Christian churches, but on the contrary there are several architectural features which strongly indicate that the building not only was not erected subsequent to the establishment of Christianity at Pergamos, but was never intended in heathen days for the worship of the gods of antiquity. One remarkable piece of evidence to this effect is the introduction of spiral staircases on each side of the apse. One of these staircases is contained in the angle of the building, as presented in the illustration. Supposing either a heathen or a Christian altar, or even the statue of a god, to have occupied this apse, it is evident that staircases abutting upon such altars, and leading to galleries which ran round three sides of the building, would never have been constructed or permitted. Many other features in this structure might be quoted in support of the opinion that it was built long before the time of Theodosius; and though it is very probable that it was *at a late date* appropriated to the purposes of Christian worship in Pergamos, it is almost certain that it was originally built for some civic purpose by one of the Pergamenean kings. There have not been wanting travellers, who, in contemplating this singular erection and its adjacent circular temples, have risked the opinion that it may be the remains of the ancient library of Pergamus. It is obvious that this is one of those architectural puzzles concerning which busy brains may spin numberless webs of conjecture, and never arrive at any positive conclusion. "It may have been" this or that. The traveller contemplates it in absolute uncertainty as to what it really was, although it must be admitted that the construction of the building is far more appropriate to a library than to a temple, and that if we can coax ourselves into the supposition that this is a remain of the library of Pergamus, we invest it with a far higher interest than it could possibly assume in our eyes, supposing it to have been built for any other purpose. These ruins at present bear the title *Kizel Aneg*, or the "red court-yard." The name has been given because the carcases of the buildings are constructed of red brick, granite and marble having been used for the pillars, windows, and general embellishments. When we consider how much is done in the present day by the combinations of brick and stone, we can form some idea of the beautiful effects of colour originally produced in so immense a structure as that which presents itself to our notice in the accompanying engraving. Brick, granite, and marble formed the materials out of which the structure was raised. Within and without the "nave" there have been rows of Corinthian columns, and it is curious to observe (as far as we can trust observation in the present condition of the ruin) that the polished granite columns seem to have been used within the building, while the rows of marble shafts were outside. A great number of fragments of marble lie scattered about the outside. They are the remains of the Corinthian columns which once adorned the building, and the sole reason why these fragments have escaped is because they have not been wanted as yet to break up and reduce to lime. The finest pieces of marble have been used to build the Turkish tombs in the cemetery which adjoins the ruins. In the interior of the nave are five recesses on each side, extending about three-quarters of the length of the area. Between each recess there has been a pillar, so that counting the pillars of the aisles, there were double rows on each side of the nave supporting the gallery above, which ran round the building. This gallery was lighted with rows of windows, five on each side, corresponding to the number of recesses below. They are indicated in the illustration, and, as the reader will observe, they bear a strong resemblance to our early Saxon "lights." Here again is a puzzle. If this building had been constructed as a temple, these lights would have been most curious and singular. If the building was a library, their purpose would be plain enough. If it was converted into a church, the insertion of these windows would be equally explicable; they would, in fact, be the clerestory windows. But as far as a general examination of the walls permitted the writer to form an opinion, these "lights" appear to belong to the original structure, and to have been necessary to its peculiar construction. It must be frankly admitted that their existence is one very strong argument in favour of the building having been constructed for Christian purposes. But then how are we to explain away the difficulty of the galleries being approached by staircases entered from either side of the altar, opening out of the apse? And how are we to explain the meaning of the two circular temples, Οι Βωμοι, "the altars," as the Greeks call them? Knowing, as we do, that Æsculapius was an especial object of Pergamenean worship, we can find a meaning in these temples connected with a library or school of learning in ancient Pergamus. Assume that the building was erected by Theodosius for Christian worship, and these temples become eccentricities without any conceivable meaning or purpose. The preponderance of evidence in the writer's mind goes to prove that the so-called Basilica was converted into a church, but was in reality a public structure of ancient Pergamus, adapted to the rites of primitive Christian worship.

The Greek Christians still adhering to the traditions regarding the buildings, stick up wretched paper figures of saints against the pillars, and make offerings of candles which are fixed to the walls. These are the only indications of the place ever having been used for sacred purposes; at the present time the shelter of its vaulted roof is taken advantage of for the purposes of manufacturing coarse pottery.

Besides the so-called Basilica, there are three remnants of antiquity in modern Pergamos which are worthy of close examination. These are the Acropolis and its ruins, the amphitheatre, and the bridges and tunnel. In the engraving the mouth of the tunnel is seen. It is a most remarkable remain, and shows us how space within the circuit of the ancient city walls was economised. This tunnel formed, and still forms, a platform upon which to carry a portion of the city. As the course of the river ran through the most densely populated part of the city, it was necessary either to sacrifice a large amount of space, or to obtain it by this device. The masonry, which is purely classical, and takes us back to the days of the ancient kings, is just as fresh and as serviceable at this moment as when it was originally constructed. The tunnel measured 196 metres in length. As a proof of its immense strength, it may be mentioned that an ancient edifice was built upon it, the crumbling remains of which serve to show that it was of vast proportions. The tunnel is still in part covered with human habitations, closely packed together. To these houses the Turks give a very characteristic name; they are called *Nè Yerdé wé nè Goenkdé*, "Neither on earth nor in heaven." As the rivers Selinus and Cetius passed through the city, we might naturally expect to find bridges in various directions. Such expectation is more than gratified, for not only are there remains of bridges, but there are in actual use and excellent preservation five of these bridges spanning the river in various quarters of the city, and stretching from north to south over 867 metres. Architecturally, they are of very great interest, as the substructure of the whole of them is purely Grecian, while the superstructure, or, at least, the repairs and the ornamentation, is Roman. The bridges, therefore, are a chapter in stone upon the history of ancient Pergamus.

The Pont de Mouslouk is the most important work, and at the same time one of the finest existing specimens of Grecian bridge engineering. It is composed of two arches, which are irregular in span, the larger measuring 13 yards, while the smaller is only about 9 yards. Le Pont du St. Sophia is Byzantine in its ornamentation, and has lost something of its character by having been repaired by one of the sultans.

Not inferior to the Basilica or the bridges, in point of interest, is the Amphitheatre, which stands upon the sister stream the Cetius, and is removed at some distance to the west of the modern town. The interesting and curious fact connected with this amphitheatre is, that it does stand upon a river, and that the waters flow right through the centre of the arena. In point of size, this amphitheatre ranks with those of Nismes and Arles, but as far as the writer knows it is unique at the present day, as having been constructed for the display of aquatic spectacles. Standing in a deep ravine, massive Grecian arches have been thrown across the river, above which the circle of the amphitheatre has been completed. It is entirely constructed of stone, and therefore it was probably built about the third century, for it has been demonstrated that the stone amphitheatres now remaining were erected at dates posterior to the reigns of the Cæsars. In the Pergamenean amphitheatre, as might be expected from the purpose for which it was erected, there are no vomitories, the arena being constructed with a view to its being instantaneously filled with water. The only entrances into the arena are by two narrow gangways, right and left of the principal gallery. It might be supposed that the river had at some period been roofed in with a tunnel, but there is no trace of any such arrangement, and therefore it is natural to suppose that when the water was drawn off, the stream was crossed with planks. The flood-

gates at the extreme ends of the arena, beneath the archways, were so contrived that the arena could be filled with water in a few minutes when the games were about to commence.

As an amphitheatre for the display of aquatic spectacles, this ruin at Pergamos is especially interesting, and well deserves the careful examination of every traveller.

On the same side of the city as the amphitheatre, but more to the south, stand the ruins of the theatre. The circle for the spectators, and the outline of the stage, are still distinct; but there is nothing in the ruin which calls for particular notice.

From position, and from the association of the place, the overhanging hill, the Acropolis of Pergamos is necessarily the place of most interest connected with the city. The walls which encompass it are Grecian in their foundations, and can be traced to a considerable extent surrounding the hill. Upon the summit are the ruins of the Acropolis, and also the remains of the "Palace," the residence of the kings of Pergamus, and the probable site of the treasure-house of Lysimachus.

The great temple of Minerva, described by the historian as standing "*in excelsissimolia*," once rose majestically above the ramparts on this hill, dominating the surrounding vallies, as the Parthenon did. When Dallaway visited the ruins, he was able to measure the dimensions of the temple. The length of the cella was 34 feet; the ground-plan, 49 feet; the portico, 20 feet deep; the pillars, 4 feet in diameter. Short as the time is, comparatively, since these measurements were made, the work of destruction has been rapid—so much so, that the outline of the temple cannot now be clearly traced. The foundations of the Castle or Palace of Lysimachus, because less rich in material, have fared better, and exist to the present moment. Upon the Acropolis there are evidences of the same passion for mingling stone and marble that we have traced in the Basilica.

Of the Christian church founded in Pergamos, the description given by St. John is one of the most interesting regarding the Seven Churches. He speaks of "Antipas, my faithful martyr, who was slain among you, where Satan dwelleth." The death of Antipas occurred most probably during the Domitian persecution. In the still extant "Acts of Antipas," he is said to be one of our Saviour's earliest disciples, and to have been Bishop of Pergamos. He was put to death, as the tradition asserts, by being enclosed in a brazen bull, which was then put in a fire, and the martyr was roasted alive. The allusion to Pergamos, as the place where Satan dwelleth, and where Satan's seat is, "is supposed to allude, first of all to the device of the city, which is seen upon its coinage, which presents the figure of a serpent, indicative of the worship of Æsculapius. In this sense Pergamos was "Satan's seat." But in a deeper and more awful sense, it would appear that the Christians made it a home of Satan, from the frightful manner in which they degraded the teaching of Christ, by mixing it up with the doctrine of devils. The "doctrine of Balaam" and the doctrine of the Nicolaitanes, "which things I hate," says the Apocalypse, are charged against the Pergamenean Christians. We can gather the meaning of this accusation from 2 Peter ii. 15, 16, and by comparing that passage of Scripture with Numbers xxv. 1, 2, and especially xxxi. 16. The conduct and character of the Pergameneans resembled that of the Mesopotamian divines. Their religion was disgraced with odious obscenities and licentious libertinism. Sensual gratification took its place in religious ceremonial, just as the Midianitish women were engaged in the sensual practices of Balak's idolatry, when "Israel joined himself to Baal-Peor;" or, as we may read it, "because initiated in Baal-phegor." The grace of God was turned into lasciviousness in Pergamos, and Christian worship amalgamated with pagan rites. While Christian doctrines were trifled with, Christian conduct was degraded; and consequently the flagitious crimes of such proceedings came to be attributed to Christianity itself. For this, Pergamos is called upon to repent, or the vengeance of God is threatened against it. Its present ruins and humiliation tell us the rest.

J. M. Bellew.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE COMMISSIONERS' REPORT.—No. 2.

In the few remarks made last month on this subject, we left untouched some points referred to by the Commissioners, one of which, at least, is of too great importance as to the future of British Art, so far as the Academy itself is concerned, to be left unnoticed. We allude to its present system of Teaching. The Report says:—

"Notwithstanding the great liberality which the Academy has shown in its system of gratuitous teaching, the number of eminent pupils who have been trained by it, and the manner in which artists of high distinction have devoted their time and attention to the schools, we are of opinion that the system of teaching hitherto followed in the schools cannot be considered as having been in all respects satisfactory."

This defect is clearly to be ascribed, according to the Commissioners, to want of space, which causes the schools "to be closed at the very period of the year when their opening would be of the greatest importance and value;" which means, we presume, those months when the whole of the apartments in the building are engaged, more or less directly, by the Exhibition. It is therefore suggested that, supposing sufficient space to be provided, the schools should be open throughout the year, with the exception of such times as may be set apart for vacation. This would necessarily involve an almost continuous attendance of the members who fill the respective posts of Keeper and Visitors, and such a sacrifice of time and personal attendance on the part of artists, having, generally, their own individual works to look after, is scarcely to be expected, especially when the pecuniary emoluments of the office are so inadequate to the duties required of them. But there are other and still stronger grounds which, in the opinion of the Commissioners, render a change in the direction of the schools desirable; it appears in the following extract:—

"We recommend that the present system of instruction, as superintended by the keeper in the Antique School, and by visitors alone in the Life and Painting Schools, should be abandoned. We think there should be a general director of the schools, not necessarily a member of the Royal Academy, who should receive a salary sufficient to secure the services of a first-rate teacher.

"On the system of visitors there has been a considerable diversity in the evidence that has been laid before us. Some witnesses contend that by the change of visitors from month to month, the students are enabled to obtain the views of several men of eminence in succession, and to derive new lights from that very alternation. Others, again, lament the want of a fixed and positive direction in the course of study. According to the opinion that we have just now expressed, we consider the appointment of a general director of the schools absolutely indispensable, and also that there should be competent and able paid instructors at the head of the different departments, under the director.

"We think that whatever advantages have hitherto attended the system of visitors might in a great measure be still secured by the appointment of a sub-committee of the Council, which should visit the schools from time to time, reporting to the Council as to the progress that had been made, and making any suggestions that they might consider requisite."

Now the system of teaching, as hitherto practised at the Academy, is one that both directly and indirectly has been spoken of in our columns as most inadequately fulfilling the conditions on which a national School of Art is entitled to respect and support. The accumulated testimony of a multitude of young artists who have passed through the *curriculum* of the schools has come within our knowledge as evidence of its failure; and hence we have advocated on several occasions when discussing the question such a measure as that proposed in the Report, namely, the appointment of a chief director, who, in our opinion, it were better *not to elect out of the members*, because he would thereby be more independent of the influences of fraternity; and under him should be "competent instructors," whom, we apprehend, there would be little difficulty in finding, if the other recommendation of the Commissioners, of having them "well paid," were also followed out. Why should a School of Art be conducted in a manner differing from a school of science or of any other educational class? How is it at our public schools, Eton, Harrow, King's College, &c.? There are head-masters, or directors, with subordinates, as teachers of classics, mathematics, the living languages, &c., &c. How in our schools of medicine? Here, certainly, is no chief or head, for none is required; but there are professors and lecturers for every branch of medical jurisprudence; and although the mode by which these learned men are paid must always differ from that employed by our Royal Academy, there is no reason why the same system of general instruction should not be followed in Trafalgar Square, or wherever the Academic body may be located.

That the present plan requires a thorough reformation is indisputable: it has not, and it does not, keep pace with the progress of the age in everything else. It is an effete and worn-out system, which the times have long since proved unsuited to the occasion. A quarter of a century back, and on other more recent occasions, we have formed one among a score, or, perhaps, two scores, of droway auditors listening to lectures whose influence had only sufficient power to soothe the senses to slumber; nor do we find, as a rule, that the lecture-hall is now much better attended, or the subject-matter discussed more awakening. And in the schools, as we are told by the students themselves, there seems to be no great difference from what Mr. Armitage, in the evidence he gave before the Commissioners, stated as his experience when attending the Ecole des Beaux Arts, in Paris—that some of the visitors will find the students ready to welcome them, while others enter the rooms only to see them deserted. Mr. Armitage says:—"There are twelve men appointed by the Institute, and these twelve men visit it in rotation, taking a month each to go round to the students, correcting their drawings. The consequence is, that when it is a good man's turn, the rooms are crowded, and when a superannuated man comes, nobody goes near the place. No student would go to the Ecole des Beaux Arts to be corrected by *such old gentlemen as some of the professors are.*"

The question of "travelling students" is thus adverted to in the Report, under the head of Teaching, in the following passage:—

"It cannot be said, as we conceive, that the present system of travelling studentships, as carried out by the Academy, has worked well, the number being far too small to have produced any practical effect. It appears to us that instead of these a certain number of Art-fellowships, so far as the funds of the Academy may properly allow, should be annually competed for, and that the examinations should be conducted by the Council, assisted by the directors of the schools. That these fellowships should be held for a term of years, the object being to assist students in the study and practice of Art at home and abroad; but that all fellows should be required annually, during the tenure of their fellowships, to submit, for the inspection and satisfaction of the Council, one or more specimens of their work in the branch of Art which they cultivate."

The annals of the Academy would undoubtedly verify the fact that the travelling studentships have proved most barren of profitable results. Rarely has a young artist who had been successful in obtaining the privilege risen to eminence; why, it is impossible to say, except that—as it is often in the natural world, so also is it in the world of mind—the bud of promise brings forth neither flower nor fruit. In the evidence given by Sir Charles Eastlake, he refers to a letter of Mr. Gibson's, R.A., which, so far back as 1860, was produced in the House of Lords by Earl Stanhope, Chairman of the Commission. In it Mr. Gibson points out the fact that all the principal nations of Europe, except England, send pensioned students to Rome to study sculpture, painting, and architecture. The French Academy and the Naples Academy, he says, have professors to overlook the students; all other students are watched by the ministers of their respective countries. England, on the contrary, has neither any such branch academy, nor yet the authority that would be exercised by any recognised diplomatic agent at Rome. Although the opinions of other witnesses differ from what appears to be Mr. Gibson's on the expediency of England having an agency in Rome, the Commissioners say, "It seems desirable that the Royal Academy should, its funds permitting, establish a small branch academy at Rome, so far as regards, at least, the permanent residence of a professor, for a fixed term of years and at a sufficient salary, who should have a general control of such travelling students of the Academy as might at any time desire to pursue their studies in that city, where the concourse of artists for study is certainly much greater than in any other city of the world."

To the student of Sculpture and Architecture a term of residence in Rome ought to be of the greatest service, because there are to be found the largest number of the finest examples of these branches of Art. But to the student of Painting the same advantages are not held out, for the picture galleries of Rome are equalled, if not surpassed, by several other continental cities; while our own National Gallery, and numerous private collections in England which are accessible under certain conditions, afford ample means of study. That foreign travel, and intercourse with the works, both ancient and modern, of other nations are advisable, if only to enlarge the mind by observation, and thus to produce freedom of thought and action, we readily admit; at the same time we cannot see sufficient reason for sending a young student of painting to Rome, where his opportunities for improvement are so comparatively limited. At any rate, the advantages do not appear at all commensurate with the cost they involve: and this has been proved by the results of the French Academy; the works which their young painters in Rome send to Paris are anything but satisfactory.

THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION IN BELGIUM.

The exhibition is this year held in Brussels, in rooms numerous and spacious, and with remarkably good lights. All the pictures are seen to advantage, and none of them are hung either too high or too low. It is under the direction of a Commission, consisting of twenty members—painters, sculptors, and architects, but including also seven gentlemen, who may be, we presume, styled "amateurs," one of them being President of the Chamber of Representatives, and another the Burgomaster of Brussels. Just now, when the Report of the Commission of Inquiry concerning the Royal Academy is a topic of much public interest, it is important to note that in Belgium the principle of non-professional members having "the organisation and direction of the exhibition" has been adopted, and found, in all respects, to answer. Moreover, the president and the vice-president of the Commission are not artists.*

The collection consists of 1,281 works of Art, including sculptures, drawings, and engravings. We note with much regret that not a single British artist is among the exhibitors. Such neglect is scarcely to be excused: Brussels is almost as easily and safely reached from London as Manchester; the expense of sending and returning is met, and medals are awarded, by the Government. Insurance is easily effected, and, if we are rightly informed, every possible inducement is held out to foreigners to contribute. It is not likely that any of our leading artists could derive other recompense than honour and fame by transmitting examples of their genius to Belgium; but by members of all professions such inducement is held to be of high value. Men of intellect rarely labour for money alone; indeed there cannot be many who regard profit as among the best of their rewards. Why is it, then, when Germany, France, Holland, even Italy, seek to establish their renown by sending the productions of their artists to every country where their talents and progress may be appreciated, England almost invariably holds back, and seems content with such laurels as may be gathered at home, and with comparatively little toil? There are at least a hundred British artists whose contributions to this Belgian exhibition would have conferred honour on their country, and would certainly have cast into the shade a very large majority of the native productions and the aids of foreigners at Brussels in 1863. We desire earnestly to impress these truths on our artists, and implore them, another year, to ask the assistance of possessors of their works, for a purpose that cannot fail to confer on them and on England a large amount of good.

The exhibition at Brussels is assuredly not of a high order; the "mediocrities" are many, the really great works few. France, perhaps, takes the lead; the best productions exhibited are French, or by Belgian painters educated in France, and "*élèves*" of eminent artists there. But the great artists of Belgium are not contributors: neither De Keyser, Leys, Gallait, Verboeckhoven, nor Wappers are there; Madou has three pictures, but they are scarcely worthy of him; they are obviously painted with haste, as if labour were grudgingly given to works sold, no doubt, long before they left the easel.

The exhibition is, of course, very varied as to subject matter. The historical painter holds here, as he ought to do, the highest rank, and among works of this order there are many that manifest thought and intelligence in conception, and wisely-directed labour in finish. The most ambitious and the most successful efforts are those of M. Bellangé, Comte, Dell' Acqua, Roberti, and Van Severdonck. The "*tableaux de genres*" that excite and deserve most attention are those of MM. Cermak, Campotosto, Constant Claes, De Heuvel, Dillens (a charming picture of a bridal party in Zealand), Glibert, Langée, and Van Lerius. The landscapes that receive highest honours are the works of André and Oswald Achenbach, De Cock (cows and sheep), De Haas, Roffiaen, and Van Moer (if we may class his admirable interiors under this head). The flower and fruit paintings (a branch of Art in which the Belgians have arrived at rare excellence) that obtain highest honours are the productions of Louis Robbe, J. Robie, and Serrure, while M. Moerenhout maintains his high repute as a painter of sporting scenes—those more especially of the olden time—and Van Schendel exhibits his rare power in dealing with artificial lights. Meissonnier and Muller, of Paris, are both contributors of works of the highest possible order; Muller of a vigorous but sadly painful scene in a gambling house, and Meissonnier of three pictures, the principal of which represents the Emperor Napoleon at Solferino, surrounded by the leading officers of his staff.

As we have intimated, the exhibition is not conspicuous for the display of first-class works; we understand, indeed, that it is below the average. It may be regarded, however, as full of suggestions, and certainly as supplying evidence of reading and thought. The pictures "*de genre*" are beyond question the most attractive; they are generally of incidents and characters new to us, and would be agreeable acquaintances to "the many," if exhibited in London.*

With the exhibition is associated an "Art-Union," each subscriber of ten francs being entitled to an engraving, by M. Demannez, from the painting by M. Slingeneyer, of 'A Christian Martyr,' exhibited in London during the year 1862, and also to the chance of one of the pictures "acquired" by the Society.

* The whole of the jury are empowered to select the works for exhibition, but the duty of "placing" is confided only to artists; the "hangers" consisting of five painters, two sculptors, one architect, and one engraver. In cases of sales effected, a small per centage is deducted. No artist of the jury is allowed to be present during the placing of his own works; honourable secresy is enjoined as to all discussions that take place in the jury.

* It would be especially useful to visitors to the Belgian exhibitions, as well as to those of France, if the directors would act on the suggestion of the Committee of Inquiry concerning the Royal Academy, and place the names of the artists and the subjects conspicuously on each picture. The custom (which may be a good one) of changing the positions of works during the exhibition, so thoroughly confuses the catalogue, that it is next to impossible to discover a picture one specially desires to find. If the principle be adopted in England, we have no doubt that its comfort and convenience will be found so great as to cause it to be generally followed. The only sacrifice to be made is the profit on the catalogues, but this loss will surely be made up by the additional visitors, whose enjoyment will be so immeasurably enhanced.

GEORGE III. AND HIS TIMES.†

Would it be possible to write an impartial history? and is it reasonable to expect that such a work will at any time make its appearance? Whenever an author sits down to the solitary consideration of a question which admits of discussion, whether it be one of religion, politics, science, or anything else, he commences his labours with certain preconceived opinions which, though subsequent examination and analysis may greatly modify them, are never entirely eradicated; the bent of his mind has a decided tendency to its foregone conclusions, however he may strive against them and fancy he is writing disinterestedly. Facts and motives he may apparently poise in even-balanced scales, but there is still the lurking and insidious feeling engendered by education or association that acts upon the beam, though it may be only by a feather's weight.

And the difficulty of avoiding partisanship becomes the greater the nearer the historian approaches his own time; he lives among those who have themselves created, or whose immediate predecessors have made, the political world what he sees it to be. The influence of party is everywhere manifest, its results are all around him; and though the surface of the social system may be placid enough, there is still the ground-swell of faction heaving below, to which he cannot be insensible. We talk of an independent press, but where is to be found the newspaper or the magazine which is not the advocate of a party or of some special opinions? A journal that is not the recognised organ of a class would not live in this country six months; and yet these publica-

† History of England during the Reign of George the Third. By John George Phillimore, Q.C. Vol. I. Published by Virtue Brothers & Co., London.

tions are contemporaneous history, and they who write for them and those who support them claim the merit of being independent. Perhaps a clue to this universal bias of opinion and action may be found in a passage in the commencement of Mr. Phillimore's volume:—"The mind of modern times staggers under the weight of accumulated facts, which it has neither the strength to grasp nor the sagacity to methodise." Moreover, the majority of men in the present day are either so absorbed in their own personal pursuits after gain or scientific knowledge, or are so listless and indifferent to everything but self-gratification, as to be only too glad to be spared the trouble of thinking for themselves by adopting, without inquiry or examination, the thoughts of others.

The period embraced in Mr. Phillimore's history is one, he says, "which has never yet been described by writers free from the influence of party bias or sectarian animosity," and he undertakes to supply the deficiency. In the prosecution of his task, for which he has armed himself with weapons of attack rather than defence, he sets vigorously to work, and terrible is the havoc made both among friends and foes; for notwithstanding an apparent—and generally a real—impartiality, his political opinions may yet be recognised and determined, just as, to use a common phrase, a straw shows which way the wind blows.

If any Englishman is patriotic enough to believe that his countrymen are the noblest, the most high-minded, the most intellectual—in fact, the greatest—people on the face of the earth, such a man has fallen into a grievous error. "They have no idea of grandeur; no people degenerate more rapidly, or require the standard which they should aim at to be more constantly before their eyes. . . . . They sometimes endure genius, but they always encourage mediocrity. They pardon the errors of ordinary men far more easily than the eccentricities into which men of a superior nature are occasionally betrayed. Intellect, when portionless, they contemn. Unless refined by careful education, even in the highest rank and the softer sex, they are narrow-minded, rough, and trivial—distrusting all that is great, apt to sneer at all that is exalted, detesting all that is extraordinary, and yet, when the example has once been set, rapidly passing from a blind hatred of all that is foreign, to the most servile and indiscriminating imitation. Their extravagance is commonplace, and their very scepticism is taken on trust." And in the following page the author says—"Their distinguishing moral defects are selfishness, respect for money, and its twin vice, indifference to merit for its own sake." These are not flattering mirrors, and there are more of the same nature, in which to see our reflections.

In the preliminary chapters of this history a rapid sketch, written with a bold, fearless pen, dipped in gall rather than honey, is taken of the social and political condition of England prior to the accession of George III., the larger portion of it being devoted to the reigns of his two immediate predecessors. These monarchs bequeathed to their successor an inheritance which from the first promised to be anything but a bed of roses. Foreign and domestic wars, the contentions of party, fraudulent commercial speculations, court intrigues and court licentiousness, had left their impress on a land over which a youth of twenty-two was called to rule, and with this additional disadvantage, that, in consequence of the rupture between his mother, Augusta, Princess of Saxe-Gotha, and his grandfather, George II., after the death of the Prince of Wales, the heir to the throne was shut out from all intercourse with the court and those in power, his education for the high functions he was afterwards to exercise was comparatively restricted, his views became narrow, while his prejudices only seemed to grow more fixedly with his advancing years.

After reading Mr. Phillimore's general description of the reign of George III., which precedes his detailed record of events, one can only marvel that England is what she now is, even with all her present faults, errors, and vices. For a country professedly highly civilised, free, religious, powerful, and wealthy, the character he gives to her during this period is almost as black as that which historians have left us of Rome in the worst days of her decadence. Take one passage as an example; it will also give an idea of the author's style of writing:—

"The fabric of public credit rocking and reeling from its foundations;—taxes increased, not only beyond example, but beyond what the wildest paroxysms of a distempered fancy could have imagined that the nation would endure;—the transition from an agricultural to a merely commercial and manufacturing people becoming every year more strongly marked;—the old, frank, out-spoken vices of a plain, manly generation exchanged for those of priests and courtiers, for superstition and hypocrisy;—the decay of taste and literature;—the pursuit of material interests and the study of physical science gradually superseding every other object;—classical studies at the university, which had so long buoyed up, refined, and animated the heavy, rough, and sluggish English nature, degraded into a mechanical trick and drudgery, compared with which the routine of a shop is liberal—useless to those who did not submit to it; ruinous, as the tone of thought among us at this hour too clearly proves, to those who did;—all sense of things moral and intellectual rapidly diminishing;—mutiny in our fleet, revolt in our dependencies," &c. &c.

It is certainly humiliating to have our national greatness thus unceremoniously handled, and our great national idols, be they Whigs or Tories, knocked down from their lofty pedestals, as we find them to be in this volume, which undoubtedly confirms the truth of a remark made by one of whose writings the author speaks in no complimentary terms—Paley—that "public history is but a register of the successes and disappointments, the vices, the follies, and the quarrels of those who engage in contention for power."

This first portion of Mr. Phillimore's history comes down only to the year 1763, when Pitt was induced to leave the House of Commons and accept a peerage, an act which is described as "a moral attainder. Bad men spoke of his conduct with delight; good men with compassion; all men with astonishment. If a ray of departing glory still lingered over that name which had once a spell to paralyse the enemies of England, it was the last faint light of a luminary far advanced in its decline, and soon about to disappear for ever. Great abilities, as Lord Chesterfield said, had been duped by low cunning. . . . . The name that passed that of all other Englishmen in glory was sullied,—the tree was poisoned at the root. All trust in public men was shaken, and the traitorous purpose of the sovereign was consummated. There was more joy in St. James's over the fall of this single patriot than over all the herd of hirelings who needed no temptation, but simply sold themselves for what they were worth in 1763, to mangle the honour and betray the nearest and dearest interests of the nation."

How many of the errors and shortcomings of George III. may be traced to the unwholesome atmosphere by which his earlier years were surrounded, and to the peculiar circumstances of the times wherein he lived, and which had not their parallel in any former period of English history. It is true that a constitutional monarch ought to rule solely for the benefit of his people, yet must we not wonder if he acts according to what he believes to be the best for his own interests and the personal honour of the crown. Is not self the presiding deity of every man? And kings can no more be expected to sacrifice themselves than we can look for similar conduct from their subjects. The doctrine of expediency, which so often controlled George III. in his policy, is one that statesmen of the present day are not slow to practise, even at the risk of jeopardising the best interests of the nation.

The space to which we are compelled to limit our remarks prevents further comment on this most valuable addition to the historical literature of England. Mr. Phillimore is not a mere narrator of facts clothed in fanciful and pleasing language; he is not the historian of our army and navy, but of the policy of our rulers, of whose actions he writes philosophically, and with a vigour and fearlessness that must win admiration even where it cannot gain assent. His book will be read by everybody who cares to read a work by no ordinary writer, but it will thoroughly satisfy none but those who have no political opinion of their own, or estimate party on the *tu quoque* principle. There is one passage in the preface which we cannot forbear quoting, even at the end of our notice, for it expresses truths every Englishman would do well to lay to heart:—

"Great improvements in machinery, enormous shops, and the most intense study of entomology, are quite consistent with the decay of all public spirit, and entire apathy to the motives that animated the men who gave England her rank among the nations; nor will incessant and boisterous panegyrics on ourselves, and on the worst and coarsest parts of the national character, which are as disgusting to men of refinement as they are captivating to the herd of readers, avert any one calamity we have to apprehend, or remedy one single evil under which we suffer."

They study past history to little purpose who fail to discover that great commercial prosperity, such as England has long enjoyed, generally results in the corruption of the entire community, of all ranks, and is the precursor of a nation's downfall. Are there no such signs around us at the present time?

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

W. Mulready, R.A.—The members of the Royal Academy propose, we have heard, to raise a memorial of their late veteran colleague: it is to be a statue, which will be placed in the National Gallery.

South Kensington Museum.—Mr. G. F. Watts has undertaken to paint a fresco in one of the galleries of this edifice. It is proposed to open an exhibition of stained glass in the Museum during the spring of next year.

Royal Horticultural Gardens.—Mr. T. M. Cattlin, of East Cowes, has presented to the Horticultural Society, to be placed in the gardens, Carew's statue of the 'Gipsy Girl and her Dog.' Mr. Arthur Barnard, one of the Fellows, has offered to contribute the sum of £100 towards the purchase of Westmacott's 'Peri,' for a similar purpose, provided the requisite sum, £500, be raised by the aid of others.

Mrs. Thornycroft, several of whose sculptures of the royal family we have engraved, has been appointed by the Queen to instruct the younger Princesses in the art of modelling.

Statue of Sir James Outram.—The committee for carrying out this work is, it is stated, unable to find a suitable place for its erection in London. The idea was, we believe, to place it in Trafalgar Square as a fitting companion to the statues of Havelock and Napier, but Mr. Cowper, Commissioner of the Office of Works, has, it is alleged, refused his sanction to this project; on what reasonable grounds one is at a loss to understand. The *Illustrated Times* says very justly, that the "First Commissioner has not yet made Trafalgar Square an object of envy to surrounding nations; and this refusal, if persisted in, will be attributed to a dislike to any sculpture not positively hideous." The statue is by Mr. M. Noble.

The Camden Society.—The last report of this society states that the Council has printed within the preceding year two important works—"Lists of Foreign Protestants and Aliens resident in England, 1618-1688, from Returns in the State Paper Office," edited by W. Durrant Cooper, Esq., F.S.A., and "Wills from Doctors' Commons," edited by J. Gough Nichols, Esq., F.S.A., and John Bruce, Esq., F.S.A.—both of which, but especially the latter, supply valuable materials for the past social history of the country. It is to effect this object that the Camden Society was instituted. The report says, "If the list of members could be filled up, there never was a time when there was a greater opportunity of making valuable additions to historical literature than at the present moment."

Many of our readers who visited the International Exhibition will doubtless remember a marble group, by the Italian sculptor, Signor Gennaro Cali, representing a *Pietà*. The Duke of Sutherland has, it is said, somewhat recently purchased an exquisitely beautiful statue of 'Hecate,' by the same artist. The history of this work, as told by the *Athenæum*, is singular. Some years ago the sculptor was struck with the beauty of the crescent moon, and imagined the goddess sleeping within it. She is thus represented, with her right arm and head reposing on one of the horns, while her left arm, "in a state of abandonment," denotes Night marking the Hours. In 1855, the Count d'Aquila, uncle of the ex-King of Naples, visited the sculptor's studio, and was so charmed with the model that he gave a commission for the work in marble, with the intention of presenting it to Queen Victoria; but political embarrassments arising between the courts of England and Naples, the count withdrew from his engagement with Signor Cali. A short time ago the Duke of Sutherland called on the sculptor, and, noticing the statue, was so pleased with it, that he immediately bought it, and it is now on its way to England.

Infringement of Copyright.—The question whether a photographic copy of a picture is an infringement of the Copyright Act, has been set at rest by a decision of the Lord Chief Justice and the other judges of the Court of Common Pleas. Mr. Ball, the defendant in an action brought against him some few months ago by Mr. Gambart for selling photographs of 'The

Horse Fair,' and against whom a verdict was given, subsequently appealed against the decision on the ground that there was no infringement of any Act of Parliament. The court, however, confirmed the former verdict, thereby declaring that a photograph of a picture, no matter what its size might be, was a copy within the meaning of the statute, and that the publisher of such photograph rendered himself liable to an action for damages. As the Acts under which the conviction took place make no mention of the word "photograph," it seems to us that the decision of Chief Justice Erle and his brethren on the bench is founded on implication; they assumed that any mode of copying was an infraction of copyright, as it transferred "the same imaginative idea as the thing copied conveyed."

St. Saviour's, Southwark.—A stained-glass window, executed by Messrs. Ward & Co., in memory of the Prince Consort, has just been placed in this noble old church. The cost of it will be defrayed by the public contributions of parishioners and others, promoted by the head chaplain of the parish, the Rev. S. Benson.

International Copyright in Designs.—The *Tribunal de Police Correctionnelle* in Paris had before it a short time since for trial a case of some importance both to the British manufacturer and the British exporter of textile fabrics. An English firm in Paris (Messrs. Selby and Franklyn) bought, through their agents in Manchester, a quantity of printed cloths of various patterns, which were taken over to France and sold there. Shortly afterwards a few pieces of four different patterns were seized at the houses of the purchasers, at the instance of M. Hazard, a manufacturer of Rouen, who claimed to have a patent in these especial designs, and who brought his action against both the seller and the buyers; the latter were acquitted, but the former were condemned to pay a fine of 2,000 francs to the government, and 10,000 francs, as damages to M. Hazard. Against this judgment both Selby and Co. and Hazard appealed; but it was confirmed against the former, and Lecocq & Co. (one of the buying firms) was adjudged to pay 3,000 francs damages, though it was proved that Selby & Co. were ignorant of the designs being French. It seems that the late commercial treaty with France has a strong bearing on this question, as well as on our trade with that country. It has long been the practice of French designers to sell their patterns to us after they have been sold and registered in their own country; and so long as English goods were excluded from the French market, no injurious results to the foreigner resulted; but now, it is alleged, some means ought to be adopted to prevent such occurrences as those brought to light on this trial, otherwise there must be an end to the trade in fancy goods. It is also difficult to know what designs are, or are not, registered in France; for it appears that they are deposited under seal, and no one can tell, except the depositors themselves, which are registered. A statement was made at the trial by Messrs. Selby's counsel, showing that the treaty, so far as cotton goods are concerned, is more beneficial to France than to England. The exports of cotton goods from France to Great Britain were, notwithstanding the "famine," greater in 1862 than in 1861, while our exports to France remained stationary.

M. Slingeneyer's fine picture of 'A Christian Martyr in the Reign of Diocletian,' which was so attractive a feature in the Belgian department of the International Picture Gallery, has not, it appears, left this country, for it has been lately exhibited at Messrs. Jennings's, in Cheapside: we presume with a view to its being engraved. The painting belongs to a Belgian nobleman, Baron Daminet.

The Pictures at South Kensington.—Mr. Redgrave states in his report just issued, that, notwithstanding the throngs of visitors to the galleries of the South Kensington Museum—nearly a million during the past year—there was no injury of any kind done to the pictures, and they are in a very satisfactory condition. A careful examination is periodically made, and the surface of each picture wiped with cotton wool; and the dirt deposited on the surface of the pictures is found to be hardly appreciable. This is owing, in great part, to the arrangements made for a perfect ventilation of the galleries, the careful way in which the dust is removed daily, and the continuous cleansing of the floors. The pictures, which, from their nearness to the spectators, are liable to injury from too close inspection, are gradually being protected by glazing.

Painted Glass.—It is intended to open an exhibition of painted glass at South Kensington, to which the principal manufacturers of England will be contributors.

The Commissioners' Report concerning the Royal Academy.—The evidence is as yet only published in part; we therefore postpone a review of the voluminous work.

The Austrian International Exhibition, 1866.—Arrangements are in progress, of which we shall soon know more than we do now, for the purpose of obtaining the contributions of England to the exhibition at Vienna in 1866. At this early date we need only mention that the Austrian consul, Chevalier Schaaffer, will answer all queries that may be put to him on the subject.

The Church of Austin Friars, almost in the centre of the wealthy mercantile world of London, has been saved from demolition through the exertions of Mr. Gilbert Scott, R.A. It was built in the reign of Henry III., by Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford, who was buried within it. The edifice is a valuable example of the decorated Gothic of the fourteenth century, and being erected when this style was being gradually changed into the perpendicular in England, and into what is known on the Continent as the Flamboyant, it partakes more of the foreign than English character; consequently is somewhat unique in this country.

Institute of British Architects.—The subscriptions to the Pugin Memorial Fund having reached £1,000, the committee has placed this sum at the disposal of the above society, in trust, for the formation of a student travelling fund.

St. Paul's Cathedral.—Mr. Brown, formerly a partner in the firm of Messrs. Longman & Co., has placed in the hands of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's the sum of £1,000 for a stained-glass window.

Mr. F. L. Bridell.—The death of this promising young painter, whose Italian landscapes attracted much notice at the Academy during the last five or six years, took place in the month of August. "Mr. Bridell, was," says the *Athenæum*, "a native of Southampton, and was born in or about the year 1831. Early drawn to the study of Art, he took the wise resolution of pursuing his career at the chief centres of artistic culture. He went to Munich, and passed several years in the Italian highlands. Afterwards he travelled into Italy, and made a winter's stay in Rome." His finest work is 'The Coliseum by Moonlight.' He has left a widow, herself an artist favourably known.

We regret to have to add this month to the list of deaths that of Mr. W. Duffield, the well-known painter of flowers and fruit. He was a pupil of Mr. Lance; he died on the 3rd of September, in the forty-sixth year of his age. With the exception of his master, no modern artist of our school has attained greater eminence in his especial department. We shall refer to the subject again in our forthcoming number.

The Monuments of Italy.—Under this title, Mr. V. Delarue, of Chandos Street, is publishing an extensive series of photographs, upwards of fifty in number, of the most noted ancient edifices of Rome, Venice, Florence, Milan, and Pisa. The views, which are of large size, were taken during the present year by Messrs. Bisson, Frères, of Paris. The majority of them are as fine in their luminous qualities and fidelity of detail as the art of photography can produce. To the artist and student of architecture they must prove most valuable; to the mere amateur they are pictures of surpassing interest and beauty.

Mr. Theodore Jensen, one of a family of Danish artists whose pictures were seen in the International Exhibition, is in this country, engaged in painting the portraits of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales.

REVIEWS.

The Execution of Montrose.—The Sleep of Argyll. Engraved by W. T. Davey, from the Pictures by E. M. Ward, R.A.

Florence Nightingale at Scutari. Engraved by S. Bellin.—The Queen's First Visit to her Wounded Soldiers. Engraved by T. O. Barlow, from the Pictures by J. Barrett.

Published by T. Agnew and Sons, Manchester.

The publication of large and important engravings seems of late years to have migrated from the metropolis to the manufacturing districts, where the great bulk of our best modern pictures find a home. It seems to be a natural sequence that where there is a demand for the one, there will also be found a market for the other. At any rate, Messrs. Agnew, of Manchester, who have also a branch establishment at Liverpool and an agency in London, and who, latterly, have shown themselves to be the highest and most frequent bidders at the principal picture sales, have not been unmindful of the wants of that portion of the public who love Art but cannot afford to pay the price demanded for the works of our most popular painters. In other words, Messrs. Agnew have somewhat recently entered more extensively into the business of print publishers than they used formerly to do; for till within a comparatively short time their commercial operations were chiefly limited to selling the publications of other houses, and to the purchase and sale of paintings and drawings. We earnestly hope they will succeed, for we are sadly in want of a liberal and enterprising publisher of engravings.

The four engravings whose titles stand above are among the latest they have issued; those from Mr. Ward's two paintings, and those from Mr. Barrett's, form "companion" prints respectively. The pictures themselves, especially the two former, have been so repeatedly described in our columns, and are so well known, as to require no interpretation. Perhaps modern Art has produced nothing finer of their kind, or more masterly than the 'Execution of Montrose' and the 'Sleep of Argyll.' There is one point especially which has always struck us in the former composition, and that is, the delicacy with which the artist has kept almost out of sight the instruments of execution; the headsman and the scaffold are there, but they form so unobtrusive a part of the picture that half the horrors of the scene are mitigated thereby. The victim has our fullest sympathy, while the spectator is not made to shudder at an exposition of the whole paraphernalia of a violent and sanguinary death. It was an exhibition of this kind which caused so many to turn away with disgust from the great painting, by A. Gisbert, of the 'Execution of Padilla, Bravo, and Maldonado,' in the Spanish section of the late International Exhibition; the work, finely composed as it is, and admirably painted, is nothing more or less than the representation of a human shambles.

And how touchingly has the artist dealt with his subject of the 'Sleep of Argyll:' undisturbed by a single pang of conscience, the hoary head of the unhappy noble—unhappy only because he is called out of life by the hands of man—rests as calmly on the pillow as a young child's, though the feet of them who summon him to death stand at the door. In his case

> "Stone walls do not a prison make,
> Nor iron bars a cage;"

and that unrestless slumber, denoting that the bitterness of death is already past, is to have a short waking, which will be followed by an everlasting sleep, more profound, yet no less serene. The conscience that "makes cowards of us all" had no dwelling in the breast of Argyll. Surely there is a wholesome lesson to be learned from the consideration of such a work as this.

Both pictures are very forcibly engraved, in mezzotint, by Mr. Davey; he has preserved not only the general effect of the respective pictures, but he has succeeded to a considerable extent, though not so far as would be desirable, in retaining the expressions of the faces in the various figures introduced into each subject. The 'Sleep of Argyll' must always be hung in a strong light, so much of the composition being in shadow, inseparable from the subject. The engraver would, perhaps, have done well had he made the background a little less heavy; this would have given more force to the principal figure, as well as to the others, and would have improved them. The other engraving, being an outdoor scene, is the more brilliant one, but the very contrast of the two is far from disagreeable, while both are works of more than ordinary interest, and are alike honourable to our schools of Art.

Mr. Barrett has acquired considerable favour with

the public in general by his pictures of historical and social events of a popular character. As works of Art they do not take the highest position, but they are pleasing and truthful, and, being such, satisfy those whose good opinion they are intended to evoke. Most of his pictures have been painted on commission, and for the express purpose of being engraved; and there is no doubt they have well answered the object of the publishers by producing a large and remunerative return from the sale of the prints. Two of the most popular paintings, are 'Florence Nightingale at Scutari' and 'The Queen's First Visit to her Wounded Soldiers,' at Chatham, in 1855. These reminiscences of the Russian War were, both of them, noticed by us at the time they were exhibited at the gallery of Messrs. Hayward and Leggatt, Cornhill, in 1858. The scenes they illustrate are strikingly illustrated, and with much less of the "sensational" character than we are accustomed, generally, to see in the popular pictures of the day. Each has been skilfully reproduced, in mezzotint, by the engraver to whom it was entrusted; the plates are vigorous in handling, clear and sunny in tone, while they are invested with a national interest arising out of the subjects and the personages introduced into them, scarcely one of whom has not a name prominently associated with the famous Crimean campaign.

FOUR MONTHS IN A DAHABEEAH; or, Narrative of a Winter's Cruise on the Nile. By M. L. M. CAREY. Published by BOOTH, London.

Egypt possesses claims on the attention of the Christian world second only to the land hallowed by the footsteps of the Redeemer. The valley of the Nile is one of Nature's wonders, dependent for its very vitality on the yearly overflow of its once sacred river; and still preserving on its banks the most ancient monuments of human civilisation in the world. All antiquities fade into comparative insignificance as regards age before those of Memphis and Thebes. There the traveller may gaze upon monuments that the eye of Moses must have dwelt upon, and which were venerated as ancient by the fathers of history, whose works we ponder over as the very beginning of all recorded things. Where Herodotus studied and wrote, the traveller may still walk, wondering, as he did, at the mysteries of the ancient faith, and the exalted civilisation, of the people who then inhabited the fertile soil. Temples, palaces, and tombs still proclaim "the wisdom of the Egyptians," before which the whole world bowed in homage. Solemn monuments are they of past greatness, appealing to the honour and reverence of the cultivated mind; but, alas! too often bearing sad testimony of the wanton irreverence of the modern traveller, and of the hollow fallacy of his boasted "march of intellect." All who travel the Nile valley must be possessed of more than ordinary means, must consequently be persons of good education, yet they have done more to ruin and destroy the monuments than centuries of time, or the vicinage of semi-barbarous peoples of adverse creeds; and yet these monuments are among the most important witnesses to the faith which we hold to be essential to salvation.

The voyage up the Nile has of late years become a comparatively easy undertaking—nothing to be wondered at or boasted over. Every season hundreds of boats sail leisurely, freighted chiefly with English travellers, who visit each other's boats, and outvie each other at dinner-parties, where home luxuries, carefully preserved, give the aspect of a London dining-room to the saloon of the Dahabeeah; for that is the native name of the passage-boat, and it is a record of a four months' occupancy of one of these boats that fills the pleasant volume before us. Our traveller is the lady-historian of a small party who sought the Nile for health and instruction, and every page testifies to much power of observation and good practical common-sense. Such travellers are befitting visitors to the land of the Pharaohs; and the voyager who would follow in their track, will find much instruction from the experiences recorded in the unpretentious but accurate narrative presented in this volume. It makes no pretence to learned descriptions of the wonders of the land, for they are exhausted in books already published; the literature of the Nile has now become a small library; but no book among their number contains so clear a description of the actual daily life of a voyager. It is an honest picture, not all *couleur de rose*, but mixing the darker shades as they really occur, and summing up the experiences of the voyage at its close with the conscientiousness of a judge on the bench. The intending traveller cannot do better than think over these agreeable pages; if an invalid he may possibly "think twice," before he trusts himself to a variable atmosphere, where medical aid cannot be obtained; with few necessaries and no comforts to be depended on except such as he brings with him; where opthalmia leaves few untouched, and where insect life is so unpleasantly prolific and persecuting, that the consequences form a characteristic couplet printed on the title-page of this volume.

A truthful, sensible record like this is all the more valuable for its general rarity. Enthusiasm on the one side, and indifference on the other, lead alike to false conclusions, and the Nile voyage is cried up or cried down beyond its true merits. The plates that illustrate the volume are equally accurate in their local colouring. Altogether the book carries out the great Shaksperian rule, "nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice," but the facts are told fairly; and perhaps the best ideas, short of personal experience, of boat-life on the Nile, may be obtained from a perusal of its pages.

THE EXHIBITION BOOK OF ORIGINAL DESIGNS FOR FURNITURE, &c. Arranged for the Hall, Dining-room, Drawing-room, Bed-room, Boudoir, and Library. Designed and Drawn on Stone by LORENZA BOOTH. Parts I to X. Published by HOULSTON AND WRIGHT, London.

It is an axiom requiring no demonstration that the real value of any object professing to have an Art-character must be tested, not by the cost of the material of which it is composed, but by the manner in which that material is used by the workman—by the form he causes it to take and the ornamentation he adopts for its enrichment. The most precious metals and the costliest gems afford less gratification to the man of refined taste if they be not worthily employed, than would iron, clay, or coloured glass from the hands of a true artist, who has moulded and fashioned them into an object of beauty. Now in nothing does this relative value of material and form exhibit itself more strikingly than in the works of the cabinet-maker; first, because they are always before us, and secondly, because they invariably occupy a place more or less prominent in every household whether of high or low degree. It follows therefore, as a matter of course, that what is so constantly present to the eye must act as a teacher either of good or bad Art in the department to which it belongs. Hence, looking at furniture only from what may be called an educational point of view, it assumes an importance few persons are inclined to attach to it. A man of taste will take care to surround himself, even in the common articles of domestic use, with what will be agreeable to the eye, as well as minister to his personal comfort; and his title to be ranked as such may be determined at a glance from the contents of any principal apartment in his house.

Almost every large firm of manufacturers of ornamental works employs its own skilled designers; but there are hundreds of cabinet-makers, especially, who work for the "trade," and merely carry out such ideas as may happen to suggest themselves, without having any definite principles to guide them, and without any knowledge of what constitutes excellence: it is, we assume, for this latter class that the work now before us is more particularly intended. In provincial towns especially, we know, from applications frequently made to us, that such a book of designs will be found most useful, and its cheapness places it within the reach even of the mechanic. In the fifty sheets, many of them containing several objects, included in the ten parts to which the publication has already reached, are designs in every known style, varying much, however, in excellence; yet even from those that may be classed among the indifferent, or more than this, with the bad, are hints and suggestions which may be turned to good account by a clever workman. A fault that must be urged against some of these designs is a redundancy of ornamentation; they are elaborated to a degree which deprives them of all simplicity, in our estimation the primary element of beauty. Here and there, too, the artist, in aiming at originality, has adopted a fantastic style; two or three chairs, for example, remind us of the rustic summer-houses one sometimes sees, formed of twisted oak-branches interlacing each other. These are designs to be avoided, or copied only in certain parts. A man who has taste, and knows his business thoroughly, will soon see what he may use and what must be rejected. He will learn much from a careful perusal of a well written treatise on Decorative Art, both general and as applied to this particular branch of manufacture, which runs consecutively through each number of the publication.

TWICE LOST. By the Author of "Queen Isabel," "Nina," &c. &c. Published by VIRTUE BROTHERS & Co., London.

"Wanted a governess" might not inappropriately have formed the title, or, at least, have headed the first chapter, of this novel; the governess being required, however, less to advance the education, neglected as it had been, of a young girl lawfully entitled to considerable property, than to be her companion and warder in a sequestered Welsh valley, to which she is consigned by her *soi-disant* father, out of the reach and knowledge, as he supposes, of a handsome Italian, one of the followers of Garibaldi, whose acquaintance she formed when a child, and with whom she is desperately in love. The two ladies, Maude Langley and her companion, Miss Derwent, are the heroines of the tale, the two principals of the opposite sex being Mr. Langley and Marco Rossetti, Maude's lover. Maude was born at Rio de Janeiro, and the hot climate of the country, combined with the foreign blood which, on her mother's side, flowed in her veins, caused her to grow up wilful and passionate in disposition, qualities which the opposition to her intimacy with Rossetti, and, still more, the knowledge she had that her presumed father was keeping her in bondage that he might retain her property in his hands, did not in any way tend to restrain. As a result of these things, all the vigilance of Miss Derwent proved ineffectual to keep her ward in safety; twice she broke away from the place of captivity, and finally became the lawful wife of the Italian.

Maude's character is cleverly sketched, though it is some time before the reader finds her to be anything more than a strange, half-civilised being, as she is made to appear, caring for nothing and nobody. Miss Derwent fancies herself at first sufficiently powerful and strong-minded to break in this wild and winsome young colt; but with all her discreetness, and judicious management, and careful watching, the young lady out-manœuvres her. Mr. Langley claims our pity till we come to know the whole truth, and then we gladly leave him to his fate—bankruptcy and exile; and Marco proves himself quite equal to the occasion of winning a fair lady—or rather a rich brunette—and he deserves her. It is a good story, well told; modestly, and not sensationally, written.

SIGHTS AND SCENES IN OUR FATHERLAND. By THOMAS LACY. Published by SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & Co., London: MCGLASHAN AND GILL, Dublin.

Mr. Lacy's "Fatherland" is the "first gem of the sea," Ireland, and his book a *big* guide to the country, as our readers may imagine when told that it consists of more than seven hundred closely-printed pages. Like some other writers of travels, the author enters more than necessary into minute details of places and objects, serving only to occupy space that might have been better employed. His volume is, in short, elaborately descriptive, without much attempt to make it historical either as regards the past or the present state of Ireland. Politics and religious creeds, as they bear upon the social condition of the country, are altogether ignored; and herein, perhaps, he has acted wisely for the success of his work. To write in favour of one party side or the other, would offend its opponents; to write independently would please neither. This is the condition to which but a very few years ago every one who undertook to speak about the "emerald isle" was subjected; and though party-feeling, in its open expression at least, has somewhat abated, it exercises still a powerful influence on all literary works professing to treat of the people in their social aspect.

For topographical reference Mr. Lacy's compilation will be found of good service. In using the word "compilation," it is not to be inferred that the author has not gone himself over the ground described; but it is quite evident that preceding tourists have furnished him with considerable material and have greatly lightened thereby his labours. It would only have been doing justice to those who have been before him and recorded the results of their travels, that some allusion should have been made to them; but Mr. Lacy entirely ignores the existence of books which he must have seen and known, and would leave his readers to suppose him to be the first who has ventured on this literary field.

THE INTELLECTUAL OBSERVER. Published by GROOMBRIDGE AND SONS, London.

This excellent serial has now reached its twentieth number, and may, therefore, be considered as fully established in public favour. To such a result it is strongly entitled from the ability with which it is conducted, and the comprehensive field of scientific research included in the scope of its investigations. With papers varied in subject and written in a style not too learnedly for any well-educated person, with illustrations both coloured and plain carefully executed, and at the moderate price of one shilling, this "monthly" can scarcely fail to find a large body of subscribers.

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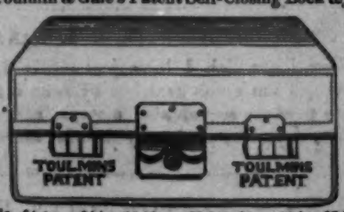

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